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**HERE'S HOW!**

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

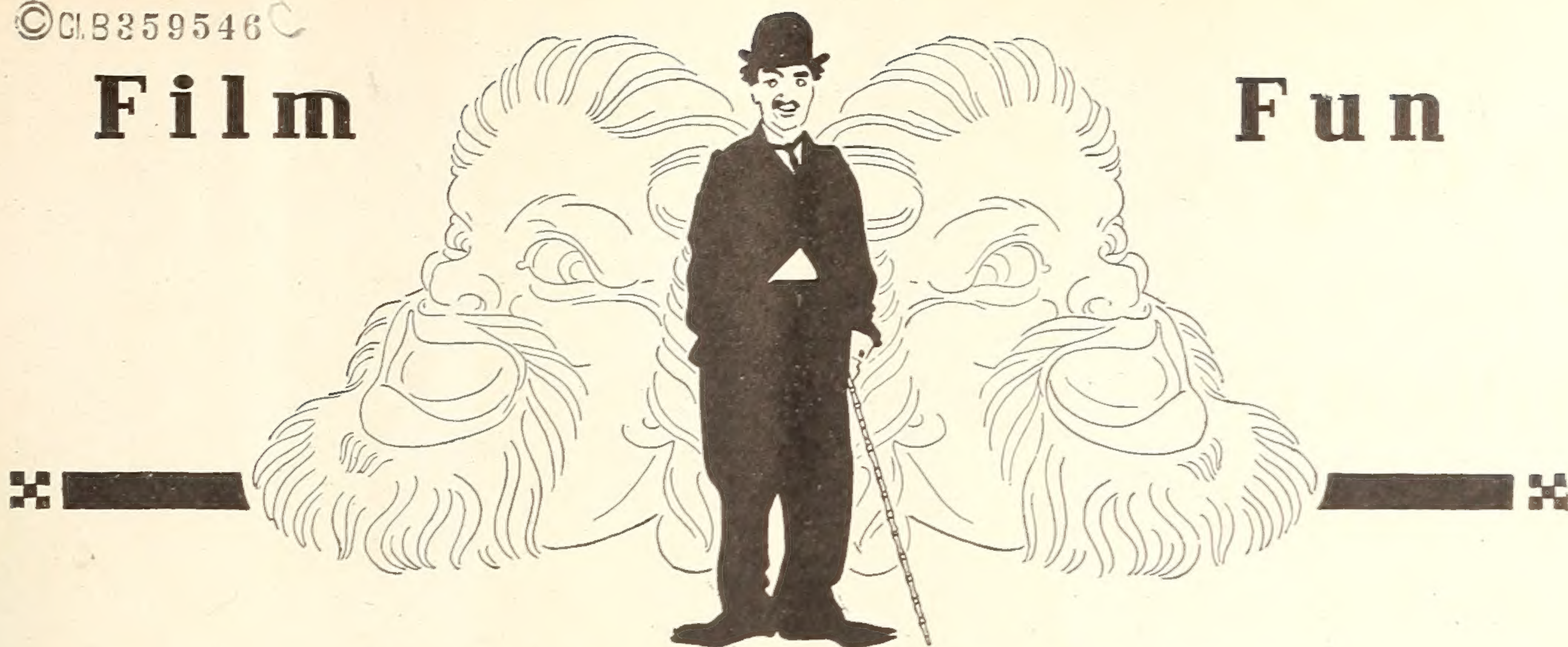


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Film

Fun



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## E D I T O R I A L S

### According to Brisbane

"OUR GRANDFATHERS," said Editor Brisbane, while a guest at a motion picture dinner recently, "were lobsters, whose eyes stuck out on the end of a stick."

Of course, Mr. Brisbane knows more about his grandfather than the rest of us, and nobody is inclined to dispute his word about it. If he wishes to insist that he is a lobster, it is his own business.

But he goes further and says things about the rest of us.

"Nobody likes motion pictures but those who are stupid and not intelligent," he said.

Mr. Brisbane does not like motion pictures.

He admits that he is the only living man who has not seen Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin. Furthermore, he does not want to see them. He says he is growing old, and he must take care of himself from now on.

He says the only motion picture he ever saw was one given by William Randolph Hearst in his own home, and as Mr. Brisbane was a guest there and could not think of any excuse to get away, he was forced to remain and watch the picture.

Certainly one owes something to one's host.

Still, Mr. Brisbane could have shut his eyes.

The motion picture industry, as far as Mr. Brisbane is concerned, can now wash up and go home.

### Its Relation to Humanity

ONE OF the secrets of the strong hold of the motion picture is its relation to humanity. The stage necessarily is a mystery. Few see the rehearsals. Its relation to life is largely false. Its very settings, however pretentious, are imitative.

The motion pictures, on the other hand, have a human element that appeals. Recently, at the Pennsylvania Station, a motion picture was being taken. One of the actors played a countryman, just arrived in town. He seemed full of amazement at the beauty and immensity of the place. He conversed with a

station employe, who thereby, to his great delight, became a part of the picture. The travelers crowded to get in the picture.

They were to be a part of it. It was real—it was human—it belonged to the audience, and they were a part of it. It was an event.

All over the cities these scenes are daily taking place. Shopkeepers are glad to loan their shops for the setting of a picture. The United States government last summer loaned twenty-five battleships for the making of a picture. Fifth Avenue residences are readily offered for the making of pictures in which social functions must be a part. There is no class of society that is not interested.

Even Hugo Münsterberg admits that he has become sufficiently interested to write articles explaining the scientific reason why people are interested in motion pictures and the psychology of them.

Anything that is real, that is truthful, that portrays human emotions as they actually exist appeals to everyone. This is the secret of the popularity of the motion pictures.

### Motion Pictures in Club Work

THE motion picture industry [has attracted the attention of the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, in session in New York City this month.

It is receiving earnest attention in art, literature and drama conferences. The club women are alive to the fact that the motion picture problem is present in every town and hamlet and that they can do much toward helping producers to present clean, interesting and instructive programs.

### Not Awake

The scene showed the interior of a church. The minister was praying, while the congregation sat with bowed heads.

Willie, turning to his mother, said, "Gee, mother! has the minister gone to sleep, too?"



## BESSIE LOVE



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

**W**HEN Bessie Love was first rehearsed in "The Flying Torpedo," the powers that be billed her as a necessary servant girl. But little Bess didn't do a thing but run away with the part. When she appeared for the first scene, with her braids and her five-cent straw sailor, the old jacket that she had bought right off the back of a Swedish dish washer, she literally made the part.

She didn't want to be an ordinary servant maid. Bessie Love couldn't be an ordinary comedy character if she wanted to. She invariably instills into it her famous wink, her sly

little smile, and her demure manner of blundering sincerity that is the funniest thing she does. Bessie doesn't strive much for effect; but watch her work in "The Flying Torpedo," especially this scene, in which she plays for time to keep the apothecary busy and give the author Emerson, who writes the thrilling love tales in which her soul delights, plenty of time to investigate the crook's den behind the apothecary shop. Note her ingratiating smile and winning dumbness, and remember our prophecy to the effect that Bessie Love is going to make her mark on the screens as the best comedienne of her day.





TRIANGLE-INCE

The famous Bessie Love wink, employed to cajole the old apothecary and keep him away from the inner room.

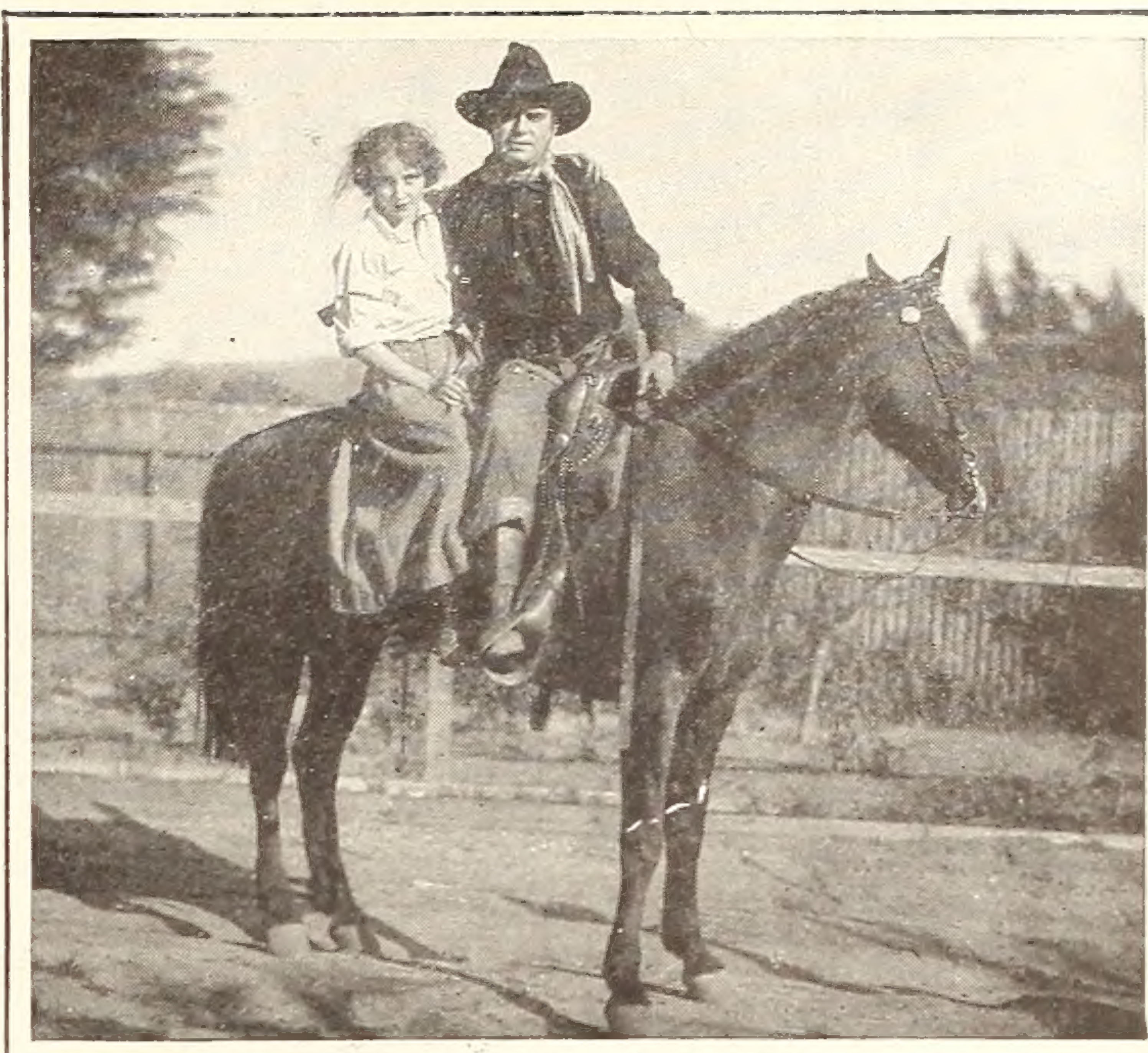
### A Clever Scheme

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, apart from being one of the best light comedians in America, is a very subtle chap. He used to be one of the few living white men who never had attempted to write a play, but now he has succumbed and written a scenario.

Fairbanks was watching the making of a Triangle-Ince film not long ago, in which Bessie Love played opposite William S. Hart. He decided that Bessie was about the cutest thing he had seen. He pleaded with Director Griffith to take her away from Director Ince and Bill Hart and let her play with him. But the celebrated producer shook his head.

Fairbanks evolved a grand scheme. He not only would get Miss Love away from Ince, but he would make Hart jealous by having her put her dainty arms about his neck. The latter part he had to be particularly careful about, because he is married and has two fine children of his own. So he wrote a scenario in which Bessie Love was the only person they could find to possibly fit the leading female character, in which he himself had to play the hero, and in which she should have to put her arms about his neck and plead with him to remain with her forever.

It is said that Will S. Hart has bitten all his nails down to the quick.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Douglas Fairbanks wrote this scenario to spite William Hart. You see how Bessie Love clings to him? It was so written.

### Her Specialty

**"REMEMBER** you are a Swede, you have just landed in the city from South Dakota, and you think John Emerson the greatest author in the world, because he writes the thrillers in which your soul delights.

You are tickled to death because he has noticed you. Get this scene plumb full of fine Swedish frenzy. You've got to tell in action that the old inventor is dead, and tell it exactly as you think a blundering Swedish servant girl would do. Tell it so emphatically that the audience knows it."

This from Mack Sennett to Bessie Love, who was rehearsing a scene in "The Flying Torpedo."

"We don't need a servant in that part at all," objected one of the directors. "Seems to me we will clog the action. Cut out the servant part, why don't you, Mack?"

But Bessie Love had already jumped into the part with characteristic energy. She whirled up to the scene, clinched her fists, set her teeth and hissed,

"He bane yumped to hell, by yiminy!"

After that, there was nothing to do but stand back and let her go. It was entirely too good to be cut out of the picture, and so Bessie Love put enough corking good comedy in the picture to relieve its somber features and to make her the scream of the entire plot.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Bessie Love as a cowgirl. But cowgirls can wink as effectively as Swedish maids.





THANHOUSER-MUTUAL

LOUISE EMERALD BATES.

She is called "the girl with the million-dollar smile" and appears in Mutual comedies produced by the Thanhouser company and released as "Falstaff" pictures.





LUBIN

Old Hiram Applecore, on what the doctors claim is his death-bed, smells beans baking in the kitchen and demands some.

### The Spilling of the Beans

**S**PARTAN fortitude is what you must have if you aspire to be a photoplay star. For example, put yourself in the place of Davy Don, the man in the Lubin comedies who makes millions laugh.

Davy Don's pet aversion is beans. Boston's favorite fruit looks about as appetizing to Mr. Don as a dish of nice cholera germs.

That may be the reason why Edward McKim, of the Lubin studios, wrote for the Davy Don comedy series a thrilling scenario, entitled "The Fatal Bean," in which the bean hater has the role of old Hiram Applecore. Given up by his doctors and with sorrowing family at his bedside, Hiram catches a faint odor of baking beans ascending from the kitchen.

As the last request of a dying man, he begs for a spoonful, and old Doc Beaser, saying that his patient is on the skids anyway, gives consent. After the first spoonful Hiram feels better, and each successive dose brings manifest improvement, until the fifteenth spoonful finds Hiram dressing for his mission of spreading among humanity the glad tidings that the long-sought panacea for all ills is beans.

In that one scene Davy Don had to eat a pint of baked beans. After it was taken, Director McKim ordered the customary retake. That made another pint. Keep in mind that all photoplay food is real food and is actually eaten, and you will realize that in a screen comedian's life there are moments when he wishes he wasn't.



### A Blind Board

The scene on the screen showed the interior of a studio. The artist was painting a picture, using a model that could have stood a few more clothes.

"That woman hasn't much on," said a woman to her husband.

"I should say not," was the answer. "If it wasn't for the eyes of the artist, it would never have passed the board of censors."

### "I'm Worth Seeing"

There isn't a day that passes in the week that the producing companies of the motion picture industry are not visited by people calling at their offices who believe that they are better than Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Marie Doro, Hazel Dawn. They don't only believe it in their own minds, but they insist upon telling all about it. Letters come by the thousands.

Despite the fact that the Paramount Pictures Corporation are not producers, but the distributing organization for Famous Players, Lasky, Morosco and Pallas Pictures, they receive numberless calls and thousands of letters from people who want to go into motion pictures, most of them, however, still calling the industry by its antiquated and much despised term, "the movies."

An excellent example of the letters received is the following, self-explanatory:

Lakewood, N. J., 29 Fifth Street,  
February 28th, 1916.

Dear Sir—I want to go into the movies, not as most women want to, but as a scrubwoman, factory girl or any ugly old "hag" part that comes along. The parts that no one wants—that's the kind of work I want to do.

I am young, (21) twenty-one years of age, medium height, and, as my people quite frankly say, "pretty much of a fool to even want to go into movie work." I'm anything but handsome, and I can make myself extremely repulsive; generally, however, I'll pass with a push.

I've had quite a little experience in character work on the stage, and I know I can do the work.

When do you want to see me?

I'm worth seeing.

DOROTHY WEBER.

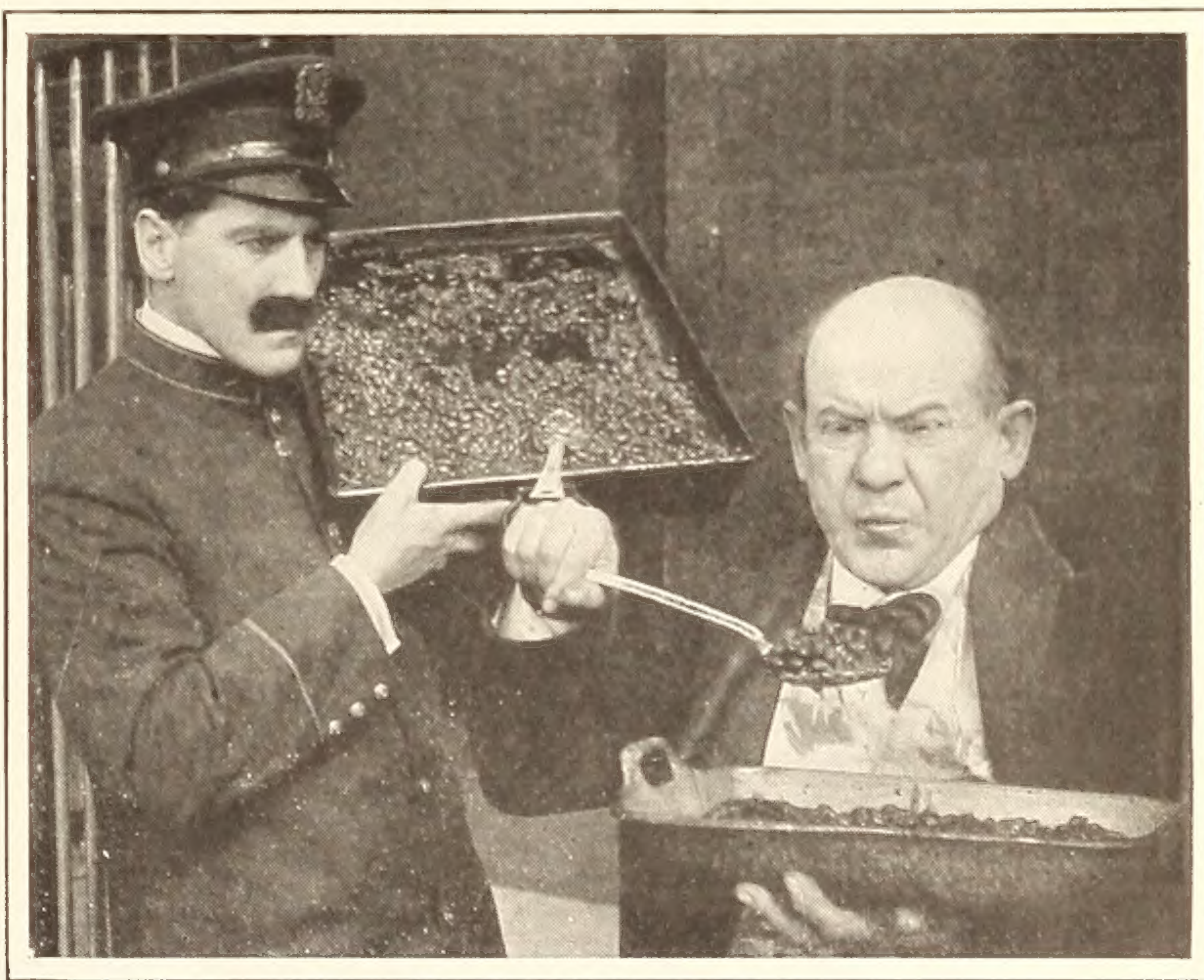
That was all, but it was the frankest of its kind ever received.



### On and Off

The picture showed the interior of the dressing-room of a theater. One scene a woman was making up; another scene showed a man putting on a gray wig.

"That is a queer picture," remarked a man to his wife. "The woman is taking off years, and the man is putting them on."



LUBIN

Having recovered from what was thought to be a fatal illness, Hiram insists that beans are better than medicine any time.



## Madge Kirby

A FAIRY godmother appeared to a fluffy-haired, adorable little bit of a girl one day about nine years ago and offered her two wishes.

"Choose a career on the stage or stay at home and ride around in your motor car," said the fairy godmother (who wasn't a fairy godmother at all, but a wise theatrical manager).

So little Madge Kirby chose playing on the stage to staying at home with parents who preferred to shower luxuries on her.

Since her debut the little actress has carried with her the good fortune bestowed upon her by the fairy godmother.

She played with Richard Carle, Lew Fields and Fred Walton before she dreamed of entering pictures, and when she did, it was through the golden gate of Biograph, which has led so many aspiring young artists to fame and name.

About four months ago, when the Vogue Company was organizing to produce a brand-new type of funny pictures for the Mutual, Madge Kirby was one of the first girls to be chosen.

She is most charming of all in torn frocks, tousled hair and in her bare feet or torn slippers, and so it is for just that sort of role that she is chosen most of all.

These are pictures of the adorable little leading lady in some of her most recent pictures. Rube Miller, the well-known actor-director, is seen playing with her.



VOGUE COMEDY

### MADGE KIRBY AND RUBE MILLER.

There once was an innocent still, built up on the side of a hill;  
By movies discovered, the place was uncovered,  
And they are still making stills of the still.





KEYSTONE-TRIANGLE

When the day's work is over at the Keystone studios, Harry Gribbon and Chester Conklin wander out to the latter's bungalow and dispose themselves comfortably on cushions on the doorstep. It is all right for Chester, who is built on the low, rakish plan; but Gribbon was originally intended as a support for hop vines, and he finds it difficult to fold up his legs to fit the steps. However, a smiling Japanese valet is going to appear in the door in just a moment, bearing a tray on which repose two tall glasses of lemonade with a cherry and all the straws needed. Don't you rather envy Harry Gribbon and Chester Conklin?

## She Got the Punch

By LOIS ZELLNER

In ev'ry publication giving motion picture news  
 She read with great avidity the many interviews,  
 Then heaved a sigh.  
 The editors all claimed to want scenarios with "punch."  
 "If other folks can write them," said she, "then I've a hunch  
 That so can I!"

So she got a ream of paper and a spick and span machine  
 And a book on "*How To Get the Punch in Pictures for the Screen*,"  
 Then settled down.  
 From early morn till late at night she worked without a rest;  
 She kept it up for weeks and weeks—just did her level best  
 To gain renown.

She tried her hand at drama and at tragic plots as well,  
 Then turned her thoughts to comedies and wrote them for a spell.  
 Alas! Alack!

On stamps she spent a fortune, and for envelopes and such,  
 Including pen and ink supplies, she spent almost as much;  
*But scripts came back!*

At last the poor thing lost her grip. She's in a padded cell,  
 With nothing but a punching bag, and doing fairly well.  
 She's happy, too.

For now she mutters all day long, while living in the past.  
 She stands and hits the swinging bag—"I've got the punch at last!"  
 This story's true.





## FOR THE SCREEN-STRUCK GIRLS



FOX

VIRGINIA PEARSON.

**“WHEW!”** whistled Virginia Pearson. She dropped a bunch of letters and wiped a few dainty beads from her forehead. “I’ve been reading about four hundred letters from girls who want to break into the motion picture game. Tell me something: Are there any girls, middle-aged women or babies left in the universe who do not want to go into motion pictures?”

Nobody answered. Nobody knew. From reliable statistics, as made and compiled by experts, it would seem that there were none left.

“I have read the letters,” went on Miss Pearson, who has made such a hit as a Fox star that she must pay the price of informing every screen-struck girl in the country how to get into motion pictures, “and I have looked at the photographs they have sent. They tell me about their weight, their height, their complexion, their religious belief, their financial difficulties, and even their love affairs.”

“Well, they cannot all get in,” consoled an auditor. “But who is to do the selecting?”



“Very few can get in,” assented Miss Pearson ruefully. “It is impossible for the managers to answer all these letters. Hundreds of them cannot be answered at all. No big producer could stand such a strain on his courtesy. And the worst of it is that all of them go into detailed accounts and seem to expect that we can return an equally long letter. Lots of them want sympathy more than a job, anyway.”

“Can you really judge anything from the photographs?” asked her auditor.

“Well, no,” said Miss Pearson. “Sending a picture is not a proper way of getting into the pictures. A photograph of a girl, even though it be beautiful, and even though she lives up to her picture, carries no promise of success on the screen. Many really beautiful girls do not screen well. You see, the motion picture photograph is not retouched as the ordinary photo is. Your photographer can fix up your picture and smooth out all the weak points, until he has given you an artistic success—as a photograph. But in motion pictures, if you do not screen well, you might as well stay out. If you screen badly, there is no hope for you.”

“For instance, I know a lovely little stage star who was greatly desired by a big producer for a picture. She was eager to go into screen work. Her directors worked for days making test pictures of her—but the verdict was hopeless. She simply would not screen. On the stage she is lovely and winsome. But the picture camera plays strange tricks sometimes. It accents in some cases, and it under-emphasizes in others. No amount of make-up can overcome these difficulties, for the reason that make-up shows to a pronounced degree on the screen. Dreadful, isn’t it?” and Miss Pearson shuffled the bunch of letters in her hands with a nervous tension that indicated the strain she was under from reading them.

“Then there was a society woman who wanted to go into pictures. She had beauty, grace, money and refinement. But her eyes would not screen properly, and she had to abandon her ambition.”

“Where would you advise girls to apply—at the Eastern or the Western studios?” she was asked.

“Of course, the largest companies are in California,” said Miss Pearson slowly, “but there are just as good in New York and in Chicago. I would advise them to apply to the picture concerns nearest to their homes. No girl can hope to step into a leading role in her first picture. She must earn her success by hard work, for no matter how well her director may think of her, the final approval is made by the public. If they won’t pay to see her, then she may as well retire from the screen.”



“I wish you would save me the job of writing these endless letters and tell them how to get into the pictures.”

“That’s what we want,” agreed her auditor.

“Learn where the nearest producer’s studio is and arrange to see the man who hires the minor players. Try to get him to give you a chance to walk on in a picture in some of the small scenes. The manner in which you screen this will determine your future success. And here’s another thing: If girls must write to men they do not know, I would advise them to be a bit more discreet in their confidences. Here are half a dozen letters, written to men in this concern, giving names and addresses and much more confidential information than any girl should tell a man she has never seen. Ambitious girls cannot afford to expose themselves to danger of having their confidence imposed upon. There is no danger of that in this firm, naturally, nor in any of the larger and reputable picture-producing firms; but in spite of the efforts of decent producers to make of this industry a clean and honest one, there are





bound to be some pitfalls, and ignorant girls from the smaller towns should know that it is never safe to write to strange men and confide all their heart throbs to them.

"Better read this last paragraph two or three times, ambitious ones. There is plenty of sound common sense in it and lots of home truths you ought to get by heart.

"Not that I would hinder any ambitious girl from going into screen work. I had to break in once myself. On the contrary, I would increase this ambition wherever it seems to have basis and justification. But what I am trying to do is to lessen some of the perils and disappointments that are to be found in this wonderfully big business that has grown up around the making of motion pictures. It isn't easy work, for instance. Don't you believe it. I have been on the stage, and I assure you that the work of picture making is much harder than stage work. It means steady, hard work, day in and day out, and no time for frivolities. We must be on the job early in the morning, and that means that we must be in bed early each night.

"And here's another thing. I wish I could make this so plain that no girl would forget it. Be careful about dealing with agents of whom you know nothing. Above all, never pay an agent a penny in advance for services he promises to render you. As a matter of fact, you do not need an employment agent or picture-booking office to get you a chance in pictures. All of the better class of picture houses have their own 'engagement man,' who hires the players for the small parts or the mobs for the big scenes. You can see these men without difficulty. If they have places open and need your type, they will give you an engagement. If they do not happen to need you, then you must wait until you find a director who does need your type.

"Usually the extras go from office to office each morning, waiting in the hope of being chosen. The path of the picture aspirant is not usually strewn with roses; but success is worth it, if you are worth it."

"Yes, ma'am," said her auditor meekly. "Of course, I have no present intention of seeking an engagement with the pictures, ma'am, but I appreciate your advice just the same, ma'am, and I'll pass it on."

"I believe you're kidding me," said Miss Pearson dubiously, "and all the time I was giving good advice to the girls who read your old paper."

"Deed and truly you were, lady," replied the auditor graciously, "and I'm going to tell them exactly as you told it to me."



### A Family Turnout

Two Irishmen were watching a picture dealing with the East Side. A poor family was being dispossessed.

"And phot would yez call that?" remarked one.

"Faith," was the reply, "Oi'd call that a family turnout."



### Some Dog!

It was in the usual drama of life in high society. The heroine appeared on the screen, followed by one of the extremely diminutive dogs that seem to be so popular now.

"Well," remarked a man in the audience, "there's the flea. Now, where's the dog?"



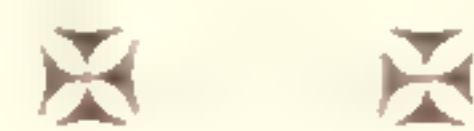
## The Prettiest Girl

ONCE upon a time Doris Grey was a little Boston girl, just out of school and having a gay time at parties and receptions and dances and theaters.

Last November pretty Miss Grey danced holes in her silk stockings at the annual ball of the Boston Exhibitors. Edwin Thanouser watched her dance and decided that she was the prettiest girl at the ball.

He immediately offered her a motion picture career, and she has appeared in many comedies since.

Doris likes the comedy work. She tried one drama and elected to return to comedy.



### The Vanishing Drunk

"I always laugh," says a director, "when I think of a scene we were doing for the Edison Company in the days before the public was at all used to seeing motion picture scenes being acted on the street. This was also before the days of censorship, and we were doing a kidnapping picture on the streets of New York.

"While we were rehearsing our kidnapping scene, using a cab for the purpose, a policeman around the corner was arresting a drunk. He had rung for the patrol wagon and was calmly waiting for its appearance. A minute before the patrol wagon arrived, we began to take our scene, and the policeman, noticing some excitement, peered around the corner just in time to see a villainous-looking Italian seize a beautiful girl and drag her into the cab. Here was his chance to pull some big stuff; it was the opportunity of a lifetime for him to catch a black-hander redhanded.

"He let go of the drunk, jerked out his gun and ran to the scene of the crime. He seized the villainous Italian by the throat and pushed the pistol under his nose. The actor expostulated vehemently, and it took much explanation to convince the policeman that it was only a motion picture scene. The policeman was still trying to figure it out when he heard the clanging bell of the patrol wagon. He remembered the drunk and hastened back to the corner. The patrol wagon arrived, but the drunk had vanished, and there was nobody to arrest, and the whole thing ended in a wrangle between the officer and the men on the patrol wagon. I don't know what it cost the poor cop, but he certainly looked foolish for a while."



Director—That actor's work is often like a dentist's.

Friend—In what respects?

Director—It isn't always crowned with success.



FALSTAFF

DORIS GREY.





AMERICAN BEAUTY-MUTUAL

BILLY VAN DUSEN'S FIANCEE.

### The Festive One-Reeler

"NOBODY wants the one-reel comedy!" snorts the producer of the five-reel thrillers.

"They eat up the one-reel stuff!" announces the man who offers the one-reel.

But there's this to be said of the one-reeler. They must sell, or they wouldn't be made.

Observe the woman holding her ears while the fond lover sings. You know what she is thinking. Look at the surprise on the face of the man who opens the trunk and finds it full of man. Need a story there? If you have ever joined a frat, you know what the picture below means. And who but noble firemen slide down a pole?



THE TWIN-TRUNK MYSTERY.

CUB COMEDY



NESTOR-MUTUAL

A LEAP-YEAR TANGLE.



IMP COMEDY

SOME HEROES.





FALSTAFF COMEDY

### FOOLISH, FAT FLORA.

#### A Few Concrete Examples

CONTINUING in the same strain, you can read the whole story in the pictures on this page. The man above is half fainting at the sight of so much real money, just as most of us would do.

The pretty girl in the upper right-hand corner is having trouble of her own with

the famous old cookbook that has kept the domestic life of many a bride and groom from too deadly a monotone; and as for poor old Hungry Happy down in the corner, we ought to sympathize with any tramp who gets kicked out because he asks for a snack, but as a matter of fact we

laugh heartily at him, because we know it is all a joke.

Then there is the honest young snow shoveler in the lower corner, who wins his bride in spite of his wicked and wealthy rival. Who with a heart in his breast could fail to wipe away a laugh?

NESTOR-MUTUAL

### RAY GALLAGHER, IN "THE WRONG BIRD."



MUTUAL

### HUNGRY HAPPY'S DOWNFALL.



FALSTAFF

### THE SNOW SHOVELER'S SWEETHEART.





WORLD-EQUITABLE

ROBERT WARWICK.

Who gave a lecture on "Athletics" before a Young Men's Club, the members of which took him for James J. Corbett.

### One on Warwick

FRANCES NELSON is considered one of the niftiest little raconteuses in the motion picture business, and when she settles down to tell a few reminiscences, everybody pulls up a chair and prepares to enjoy a happy half hour.

This is the story exactly as she tells it on Robert Warwick, World Film star, with whom she is co-starring in "Human Driftwood."

"It's entirely too good a joke to keep," she said, "and the funny part of it is that Bob gave a rattling good speech.

"He was down in North Carolina recently, filming a picture. I won't tell you the name of the place, but the first name of the town begins with Elizabeth. You've seen Mr. Warwick—off the screen, I mean—haven't you? Doesn't put on a bit of side, you know.

"The bunch who always wait around the station to see the train come in didn't lose a gesture when he arrived in the town. He noticed they seemed to whisper and point at him a lot, but he thought it was because a film actor generally excites some interest and comment, and let it go at that.

"Bob is an unsuspecting duck, you know.

"Next day a delegation of townsmen called on him. He received them courteously, as he always does. They hemmed and hawed a bit, and finally the spokesman came to the point.

"'You see, Mr.—er—er—Warwick,' began the speaker, 'of course we realize that you are here sort of—er—er—incognito and all that sort of thing—er—er; but we thought perhaps you would break a rule and speak before our Young Men's Club at the next meeting. We would look upon it as a great honor, and every effort would be made to preserve your privacy and—er—er—all that sort of thing.'

"Poor old Bob was sort of bewildered at all this. But, you



WORLD-EQUITABLE

FRANCES NELSON,

Co-star with Warwick, who was the first to catch onto the joke, and who considered it far too good to keep to herself.

know, he is a regular fellow and used to hold the middleweight amateur boxing championship of the big Olympic Sporting Club in San Francisco, so he saw nothing unusual in being asked to talk before an athletic club. He promised to be on hand and went to a lot of trouble to get up a good talk for them. He is a rattling good speaker when he puts his mind to it, you know.

"His affability delighted the delegation, and they at once arranged for the meeting. Sent a committee to escort him to the place and everything. They gave him a rousing reception, and every man in the audience remained to shake hands with him and tell him how glad they were to meet him.

"'Appreciative lot down here,' he murmured to the director, when they were driving back to the hotel after the speech. 'Wonderful how the motion picture craze is taking hold of the public, isn't it? I never knew people would be so glad to see a motion picture actor off the screen. By George, that reception afterward really touched me!'

"'Motion picture!' screamed the director, who could keep in no longer. 'Say, old top, do you know who they think you are? They spotted you for James J. Corbett, and they think you are down here under an assumed name. They don't care a whoop for Robert Warwick, but they were tickled to death to get a chance to shake hands with the redoubtable Jim!'

"Picture to yourself, then, a tableau of Robert Warwick turning slowly but surely through the intermediate stages that lie between the colors of red, bright purple, green and a pasty yellow. And that's why good old Bob gets so peevish nowadays when anybody happens to mention athletics, lectures or champions.

"Now you'll never tell that, will you? Honestly, Bob would kill me dead if he thought I would tell it on him! But isn't it altogether too good to keep?" Indeed it is.



## The Smart Set

By ELIZABETH ARNOLD



THE LITTLE man evidently knew his business. I could not at first make out what it was. He was the type who "hold down their jobs" in shabby derby hats and make vital connections with life by means of the volatile use of the tongue.

I watched, mystified, as he exchanged a heavy, confidential word with a distinguished young lady, and then turned to harangue the crowd in the grand-stand, grinding now and then on something that looked like a slender hand organ.

I knew, of course, that I was on the polo field, and consequently in smart society; but I did not grasp what was going on, until a native, risen to the eminent position of caddie boy, from whose corner of the fence I was looking on, enlightened me.

The people in the grand-stand were members of the Country Club, posing for private movies. The little man in the derby hat was the professional photographer from New York. The young woman was either a society girl who had taken on acting or an actress who had taken on society; it was plain that her weight with the little man was due to her friends, and in the grand-stand her profession reflected glory.

"Everybody in the cast is a millionaire or the son or daughter of one," the little caddie wound up, expectorating in an off-hand manner as he said it.

I looked on with fresh interest. Here, before my eyes, in bulk and unadulterated, was the elusive smart set! I felt a qualm of disappointment that they looked so much like other people. Of course, on second glance, there was a difference, a subtle something.

The little man, however, again claimed my attention. It was safe to suppose that his life would hold few such moments as this. He was ordering everyone around with the greatest relish, calling any of the young people he dared to by their first names, and yelling constantly at some expensive Norfolk or white flannels in the front row to get up or sit down, which they instantly did with wooden obedience.

Finally, after many violent directions, he shouted, "Now all of you register excitement. When I clap my hands, some of you sit down gradually. Keep your eye on the field. A man"—here he made an impressive gesture toward the polo grounds—"has fell off his horse!"

And the millionaires and those poor souls who were only the sons and daughters of millionaires sat down in lumps, with stiff jerks, their eyes glued glassily on the field, as serious and awestruck by this new sensation as newsboys at a Thanksgiving dinner.

## Could We Live Without Cooks, Men? No!

MISS ETHEL FLEMING points out that she has left the bush leagues in the cooking contest and is right in the big-league bunch of cooks. This is since she has become an expert on cheese souffle and cream puffs. It is very well known that no rank amateur can compete in either of these classes. Anybody with a light touch can make pie crust, but it takes brains to make a cheese souffle; and as for a cream puff—well, here is what Miss Fleming says:

"There isn't a cook in the world but has yearned to make nice, light, puffy cream puffs," she says. "You know—the kind that will puff out and leave plenty of room for the whipped-cream filling. Well, I know the secret. I can make them so light and creamy that they fairly melt in your mouth. And my cheese souffle is our regular Sunday night supper dish.

"I have discovered that it takes as much care and planning and thought to make good things to eat as it does to make a beautiful gown or a famous picture. And the good things to eat are appreciated when the picture or the gown would not bring a second look. When I have learned how to make a rhubarb pie that will not boil over and run all the juice down into the bottom of the pie pan and make the pie stick, I will ask for my diploma."

It is all right enough to be a good cook, but Miss Fleming has a funny little way of selecting her dinner menu about five in the afternoon, when everybody at the studio is beginning to be tired and hungry. She creates appetites with her judicious choice of soups, broils, entrees and desserts that drive her hearers to a culinary madness—especially those who are to be busy until after six.

Miss Fleming's culinary art is not confined to dainties. She can broil a steak that would tempt an anchorite and make coffee in an old tomato can on camping trips that any dyspeptic could drink and be happy. We won't mention her fried potatoes, for she is already overwhelmed with invitations to these camping trips, where her cooking talent makes the day joyful for every guest.

But some time, if you can coax Miss Fleming to invite you to her home, inveigle her out into the kitchen and ask her to toss up one of her famous omelets for you—with asparagus tips laid gently right in the center of the creamy, foamy egg mixture. Eat it with a bit of her crisp toast and a cup of her famous coffee—man, you'll ask no more of Fate.

It is always proper for a movie actress to cast shadows, but they should refrain from casting reflections.



BALBOA

Ethel Fleming says she's glad it's leap year and she hopes every sensible girl will take advantage of it. Ethel says she's not sensible.







UNITY

The charmingly appealing smile of Ruth Blair. She is thanking him for the flowers.



LUBIN

Patsey De Forest's winsome smile has a hint of seriousness in it, although she is a comedienne.



PALLAS

Florence Rockwell registered when she was discovered sneaking a retiring



MOFFETT

June Keith's joyously eager smile. She is swiping a friend with a snowball.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Winsome Marguerite Clark, Princeton's favorite, was in the studio. But—where on earth



EALBOA

Here's one of those inscrutable smiles. Yours truly, Corenne Grant.



VOGUE-MUTUAL

"Hello, there!" says the friendly smile of Priscilla Dean. It radiates good fellowship.

Smile,

ALL THE world loves a smile. They are all under the inspection. They are all under the inscrutable smile of Corenne Grant. They are all under the smile of Florence Rockwell, having the red-headed boy with the slide downhill. Pick out the girl who smiled. The Princeton bunch picked Margie reciprocated by telling her was her favorite college. A poor thing! when some other screen star and tells her favorites, can they? Now,





is wholesome, hearty smile  
g an old-fashioned slide on  
llside.



KALEM

There may be a Teare in her  
name, but not in the smile as  
smiled by Ethel Teare.



UNDERWOOD

Here's dignity in a smile. Eleanor Wood-  
ruff's smile. But gayety, too,  
n'est-ce pas?



the smile of content, after a hard day's work at the  
she dig up grandma's nightie?

### Green Star!

e, and here are twelve for your  
ll there, from the mysterious,  
rant to the "Hey, fellers!" grin  
he time of her life on the sled  
own eyes lent her for just one  
e smile you like the best and  
or your favorite on the screen.  
ut Marguerite Clark, and little  
g them that Princeton always  
what will Marguerite do now,  
college chooses her for their  
ut it? They cannot all be her  
together, everybody—SMILE!



WITZEL

A coy smile—yet sweet and satisfying.  
As ordered, Gretchen Hartwell.



WHITE

"Just dropped down to rest a minute," says this  
demure Alma Houlon smile.



VITAGRAPH

Mary Anderson offers a wee bit of an inquir-  
ing smile. Sort of.



# THE NAGASAKI DOLL; or, GALE HENRY'S REVENGE



UNIVERSAL

GALE HENRY,  
The joker comedienne.

**“WAIT** just a minute, won't you?” said Gale Henry cheerfully. “I must get this wad of hair fixed before I can begin to talk to anybody. With this make-up on, I would never in the world be able to talk sensibly. Funny how your clothes affect you, isn't it?”

Miss Henry, with her hair twisted in a tight knob and the foolish bangs stringing down on her forehead, paused in her coiffure building and began to search madly about behind chairs and under tables.

“Now, where on earth did that Nagasaki doll get to?” she muttered fiercely. “I declare, sometimes I believe that creature is half human. It can hide itself in

the queerest places. I put it right in plain sight on my dressing table, and when I get back from a scene, it is gone. Anybody seen my Nagasaki doll?”

Someone unearthed it from a high 1916-model shoe that was reposing neatly in a closet, and Miss Henry gazed at it balefully.

“What did I tell you?” she demanded of the atmosphere in general. “That creature just loves to baffle me by hiding. Will somebody please tell me how a doll could get into a shoe?”

Nobody seemed to be able to explain it, so she snatched up the quaint little Jap doll and held him out for inspection. She explained that she loved him because he had such a grotesque expression.

“Trouble is with most comedienues,” she said, “that they try to force their fun. If they do decide to sacrifice beauty to grotesqueness, they don such queer make-ups that they repulse rather than attract a laugh. Come on, now, everybody knock! Let's knock everybody we know!”

Miss Henry settled herself comfortably before her dressing table with one of the grins for which she is noted, and her audience laughed at her antics and her remarks.



“And when you are in the funny business, everybody expects you to be on exhibition all the time,” she mourned. “Everywhere I go, my friends stand around and gaze at me expectantly and beg me to do something funny. And it is hard enough to be funny all day long for your bread and butter, without keeping it up for recreation.”

She was piling up strand after strand of hair and thrusting in hairpins where they would do the most good. Rapidly the figure at the dressing table was changing from a funnily scowling, comedy-gowned person into a dignified, well-groomed and capable young woman, who looked you straight in the eye and wanted to know just what she should say for publication.

“This Jap doll, now,” she began; “I love that doll. Even when I was a small kiddy in short skirts, and the other children were proudly playing with the dolls that could talk and sing and had beautiful

blue eyes and real hair, I loved the odd variety of dolls. My best friend was an old rag doll, painted and with black shoe buttons for eyes. She had the most comical expression you ever saw—entirely handmade—and I always turned to old Arabella for comfort when the sins of my childhood overtook me and I had had a difference of opinion with my elders concerning childish matters. I think of her yet, sometimes. When I am rehearsing, her face comes back to me, and I endeavor to simulate it.

“Best study I ever had was from a little orang-outang—I called him Bambino. He did funny things quite unconsciously, and I often spent hours in watching him play about the room or the yard. I have used him in some of my pictures. I try to be unconsciously comical as Bambino is. If I spend time before my mirror, it is not because I am admiring myself—not at all. I am practicing my funny faces.”

Nagasaki suddenly drew himself into the spotlight by falling from the corner of the dresser where Miss Henry had propped him up with a hairbrush. He lay sprawled on the floor, with one foot sticking up and his funny little Jap face turned over his shoulder with a complacent air that seemed to say,

“Clever fall, that, wasn't it?”

The maid stooped to pick him up, but Gale Henry stopped her with an exclamation.

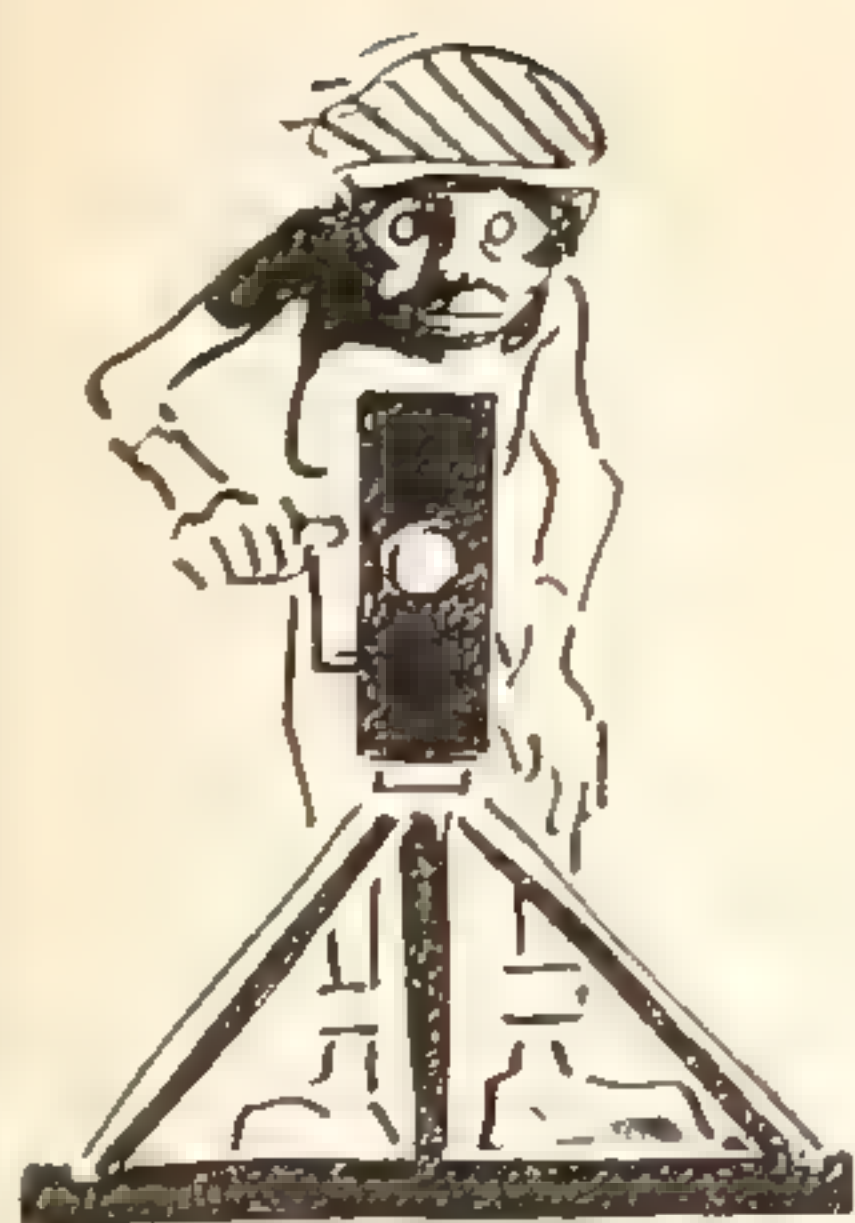
“Don't pick him up, Marie—leave him alone. Did you ever in all your life see anything so absolutely absurd as that expression? Let me see if I can get it.”

And in a jiffy Miss Henry fell out of a chair with such an excellent imitation of the little Jap doll's ludicrous expression that everybody in the room chuckled joyfully. Even the doll recognized the fidelity of the imitation. Believe it or not, it rolled its black, beady eyes up at its mistress and turned over on its face in despair.

“See that?” pointed out Miss Henry. “And you try to tell me that doll isn't half human!”







"It was the jar of your fall that did that, Miss Henry," interpolated the maid apologetically. "You are always saying that doll is alive. And, honest, you say it so much, and he does look so intelligent, that it almost scares me to pick him up when you are not here."

"Tell me!" grumbled Miss Henry, as she rose from the floor and proceeded to rapidly don a smart street gown. "Why, I get more corking good expressions from that Nagasaki doll than any model I ever had. I work him too hard. That's why he tries to hide out on me. What did you do with him, Marie?"

"I put him right there on the couch," said Marie, getting out the hat that went with the street gown. "I guess that cushion must have fallen over on him."

"See there?" said Miss Henry triumphantly. "He



JOKER

A strategic movement, as Gale Henry understands it, in "It Nearly Happened."



JOKER

One of the best things she does. Looking coy in "It Nearly Happened."

deliberately crawled under that cushion to escape going home with me.

"I'll tell you about this comedy thing," resumed Miss Henry, when the studio work was over and she was ready for the trip home. "The general idea of comedy for women is divided in two parts: either you are an artless little ingenue, funny because you are young and blithe, or you are of the sour old maid type, with outlandish clothes and brusque movements—always crazy to find a husband. I have some serious views on comedy work. Some time I am going to try them out."

"Along what lines, Miss Henry?" she was asked.

"I remember something Felix Adler said once, in an address to some dramatic students," went on Miss Henry. "He urged them to remember that, while the public would accept second best or even third best, it would always appreciate first-class work. I believe that holds good on the screens as

well as on the stage. For instance, did it ever occur to you that there is a fine field for good satire in the screen work?"

"But are there any good women satirists?" someone murmured gently.

"There's going to be one good one, if my ambitions and my plans work out all right," said Miss Henry decidedly. "There's a field for good comedy work for women, if they would only wake up to it."

These comedienues invariably have a strong undercurrent of seriousness beneath the comedy feeling. Miss Henry is no exception to the rule. For an hour she discussed her plans for the future and the things she hoped to accomplish. If she succeeds, it will mean the beginning of a new era for women in screen comedy, for an assured success means plenty of imitators.

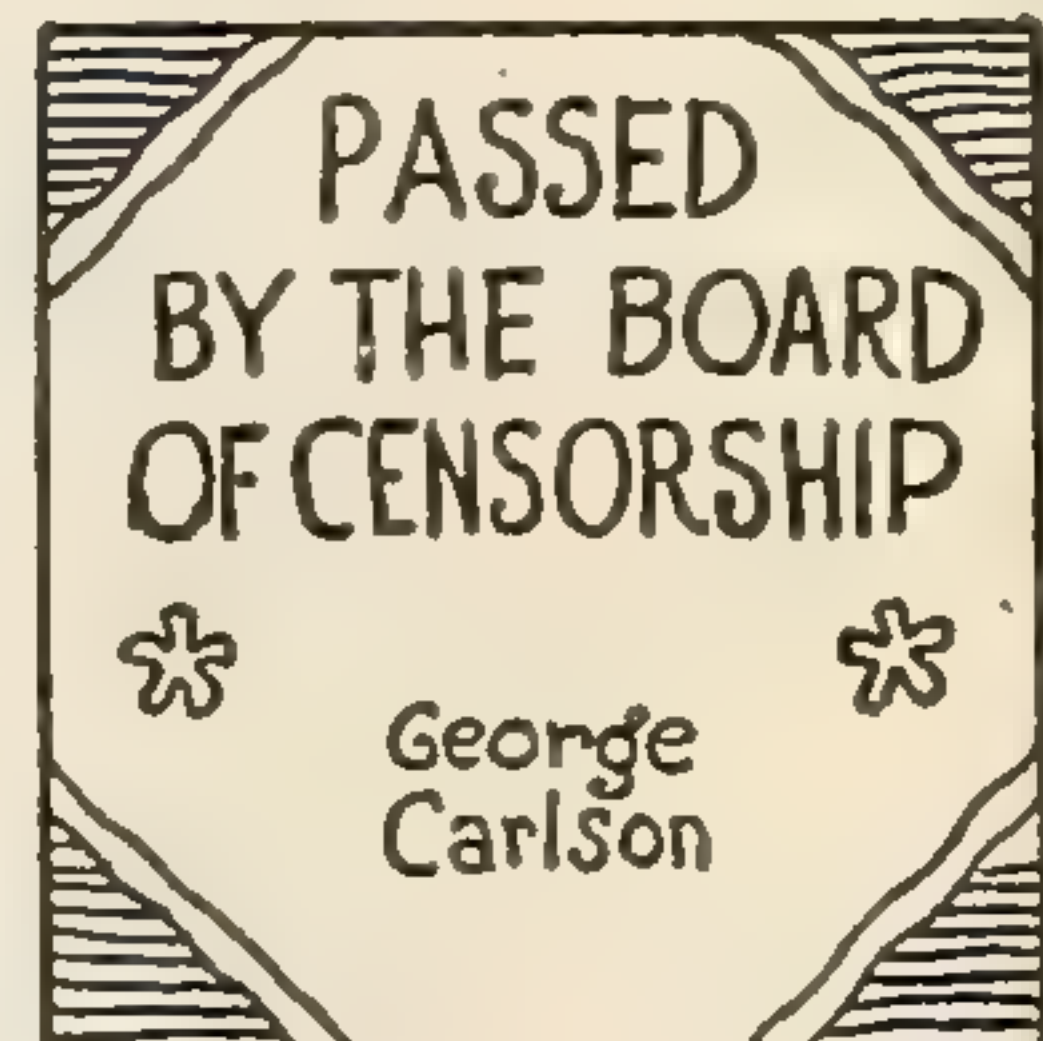
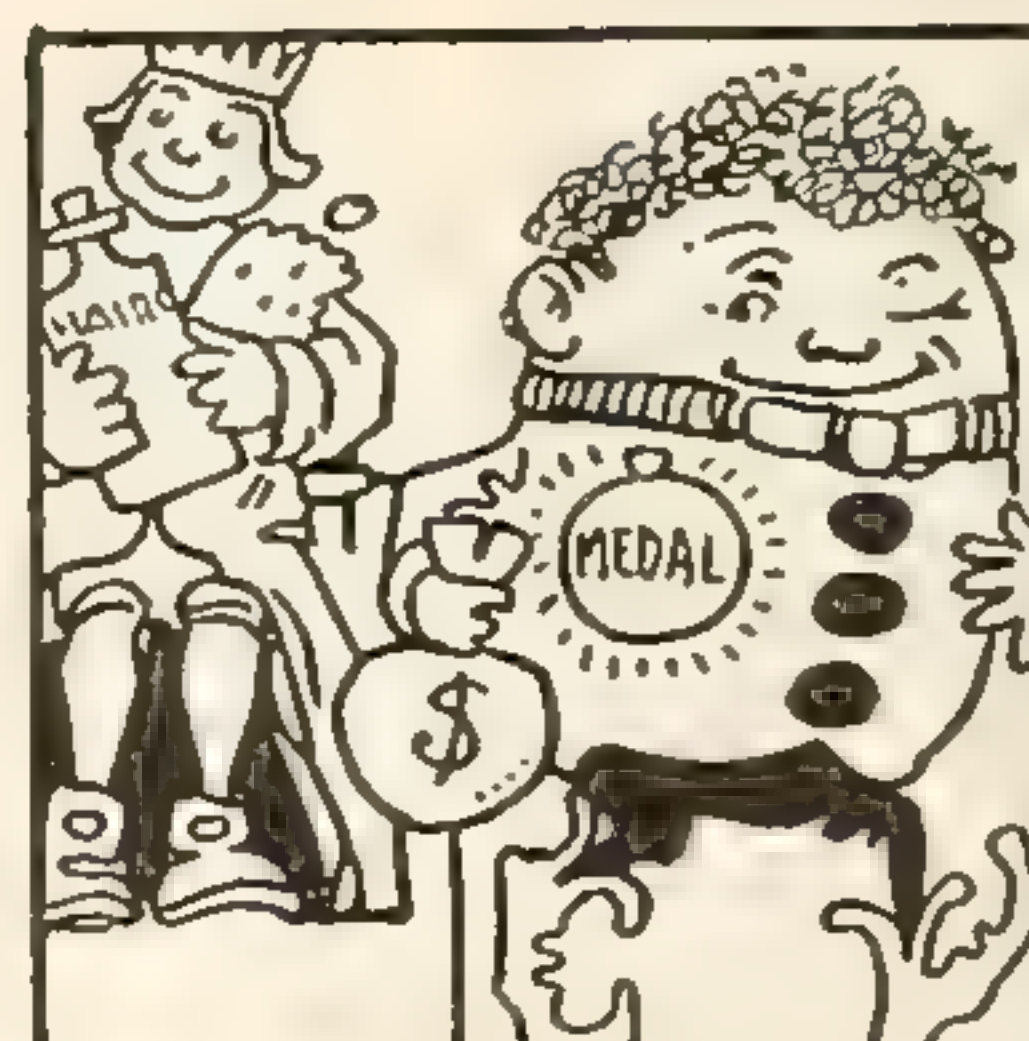
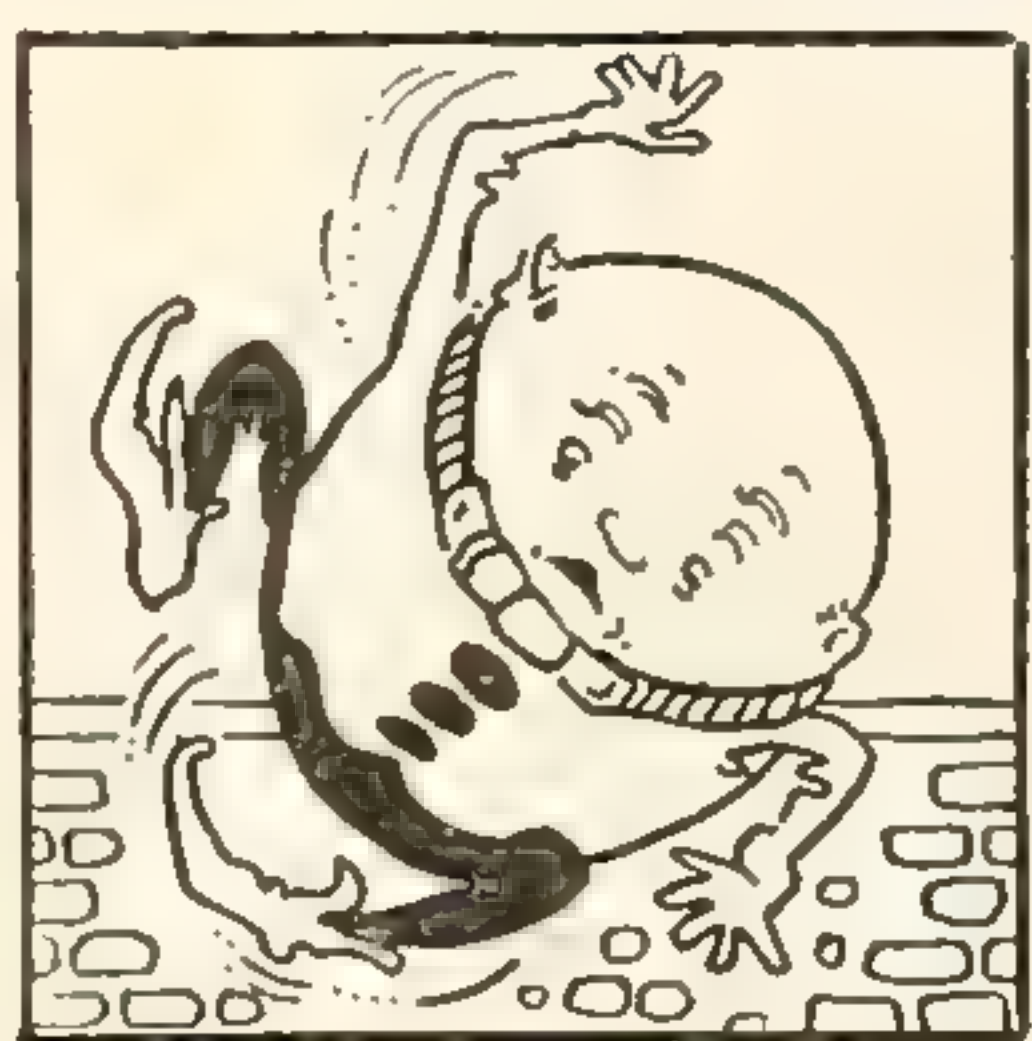
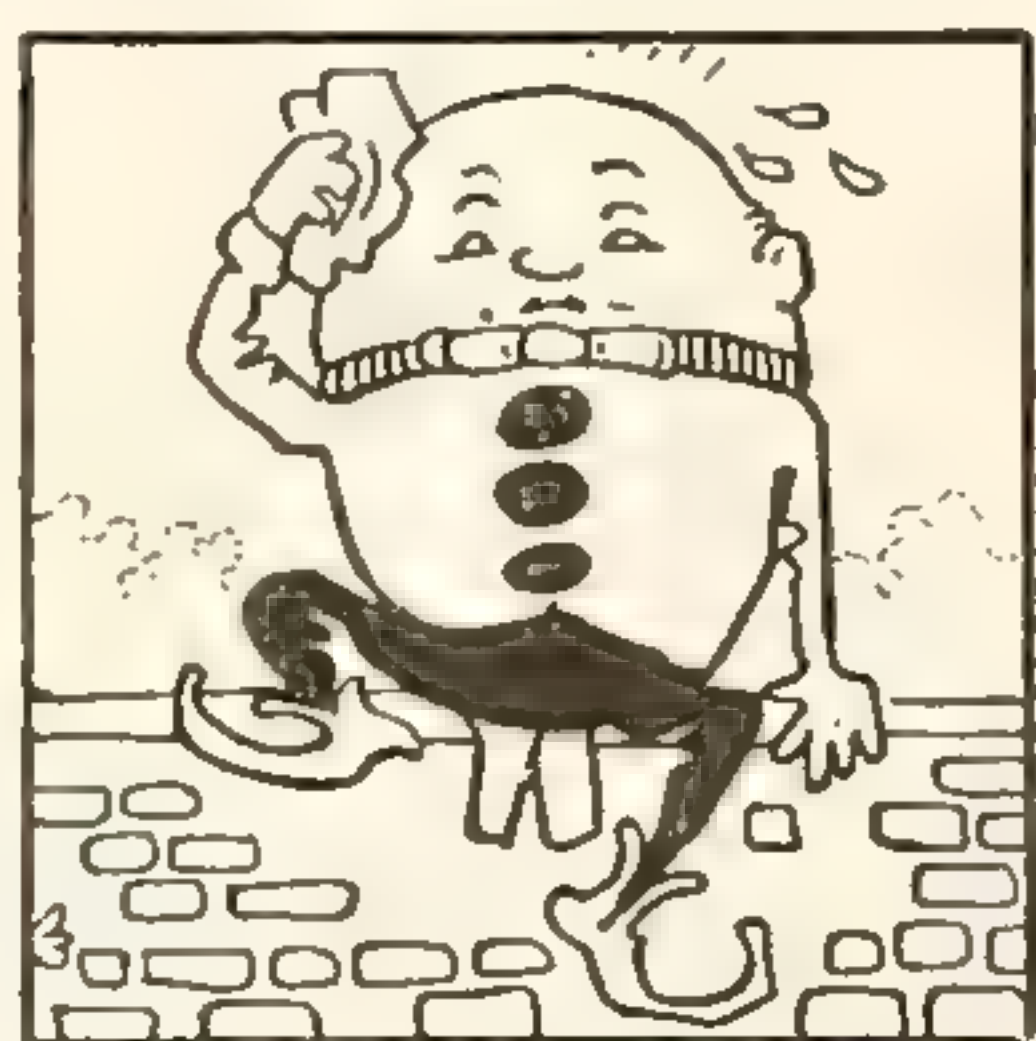
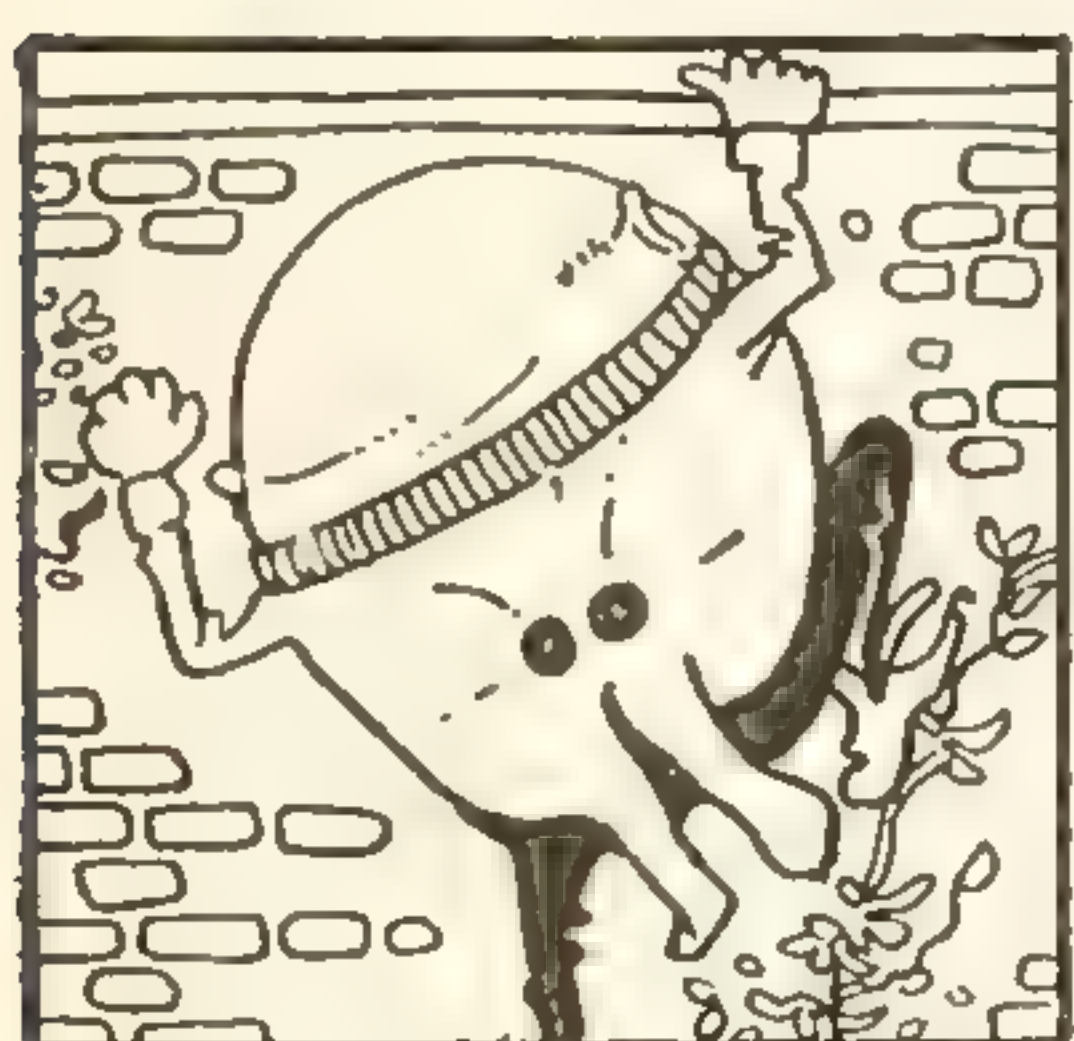
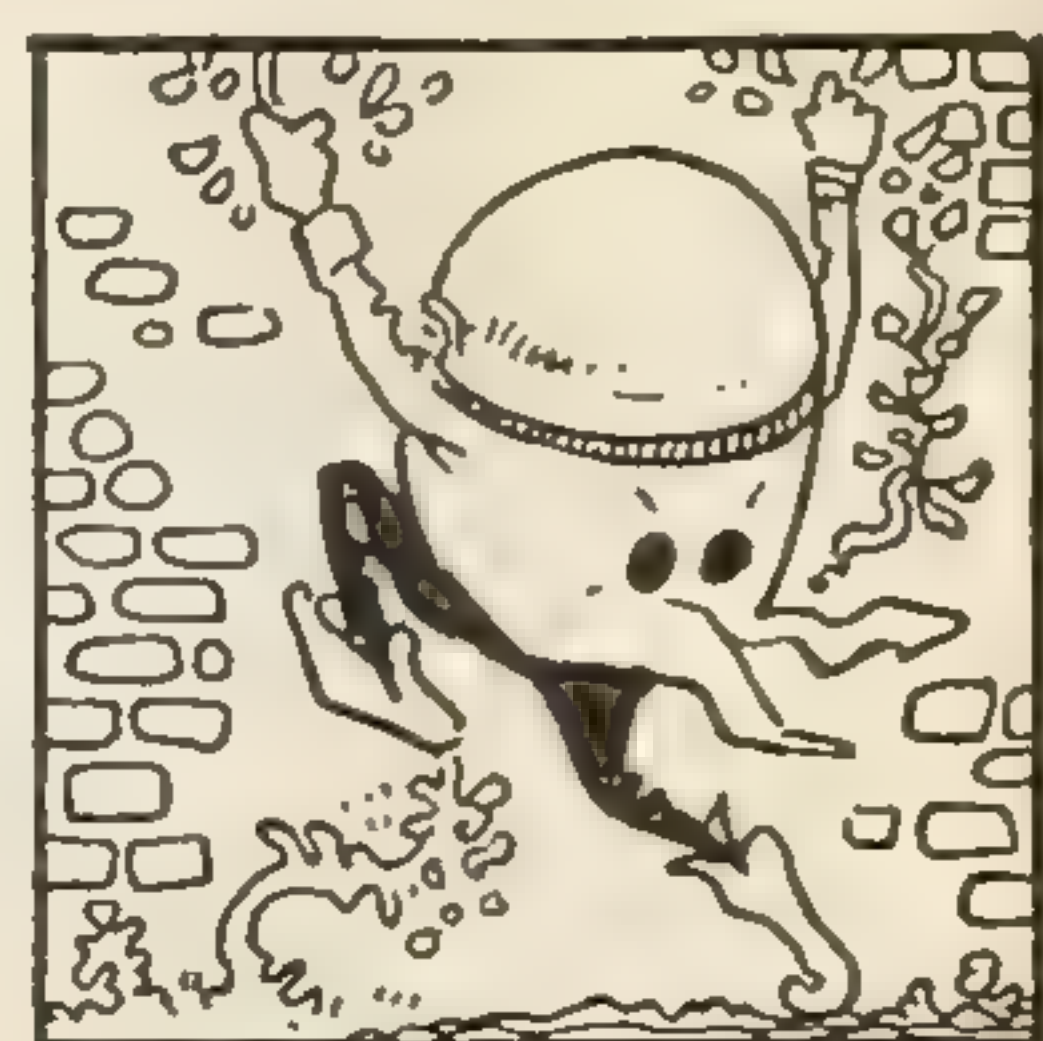
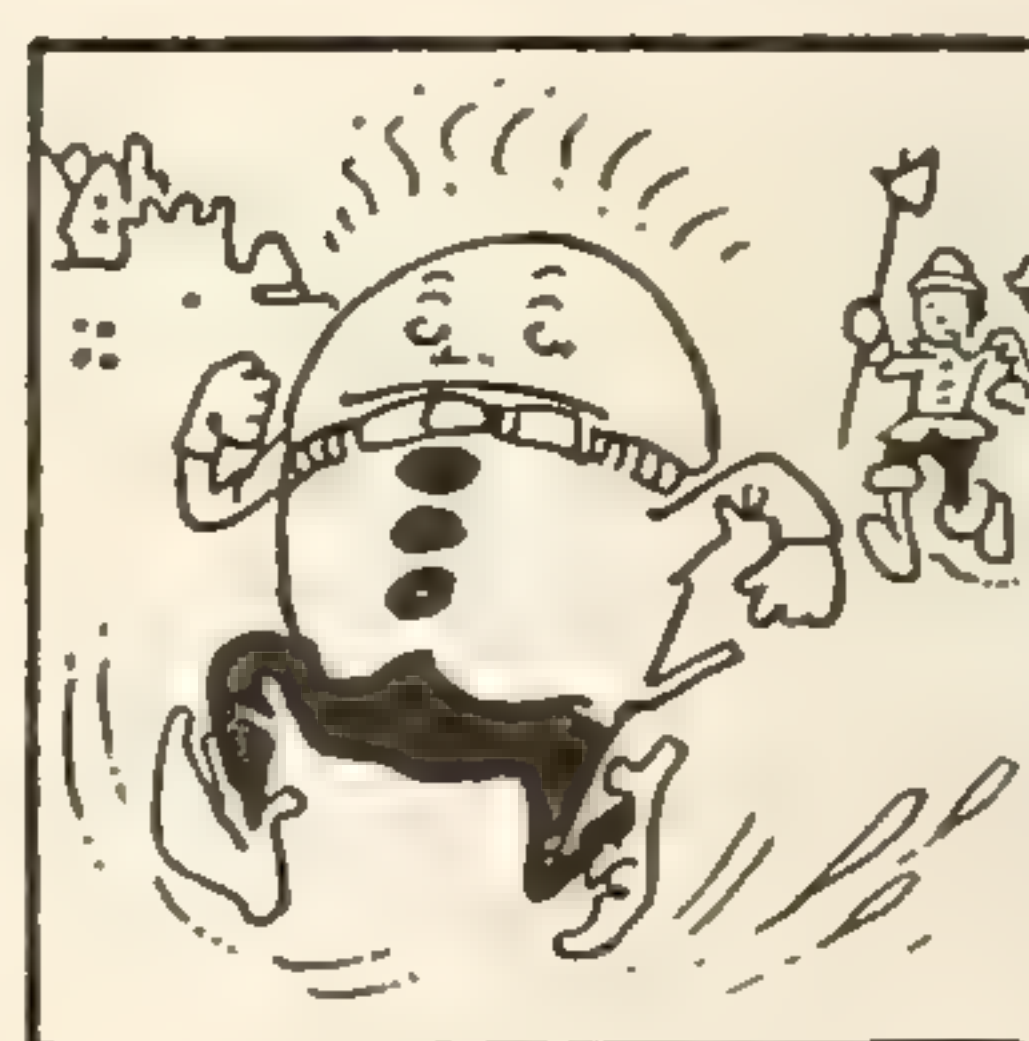
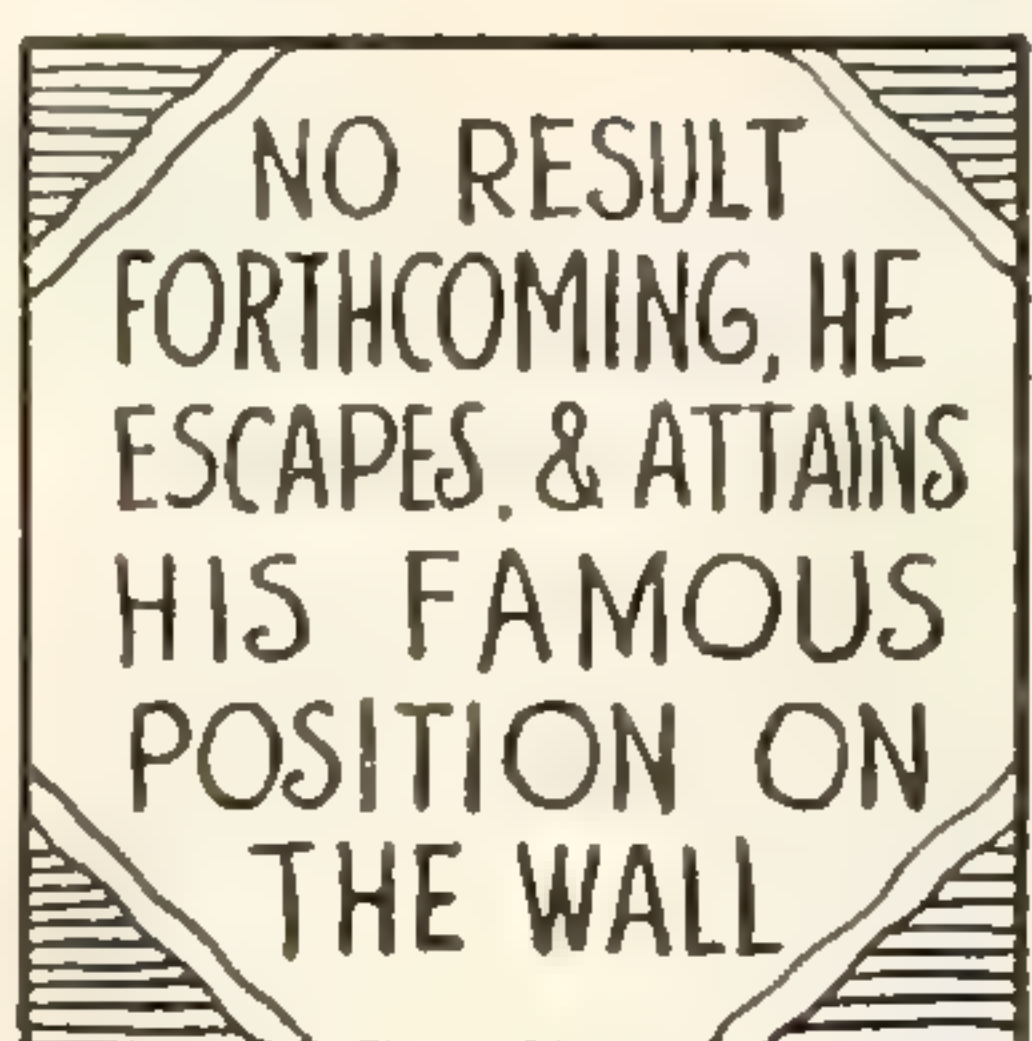
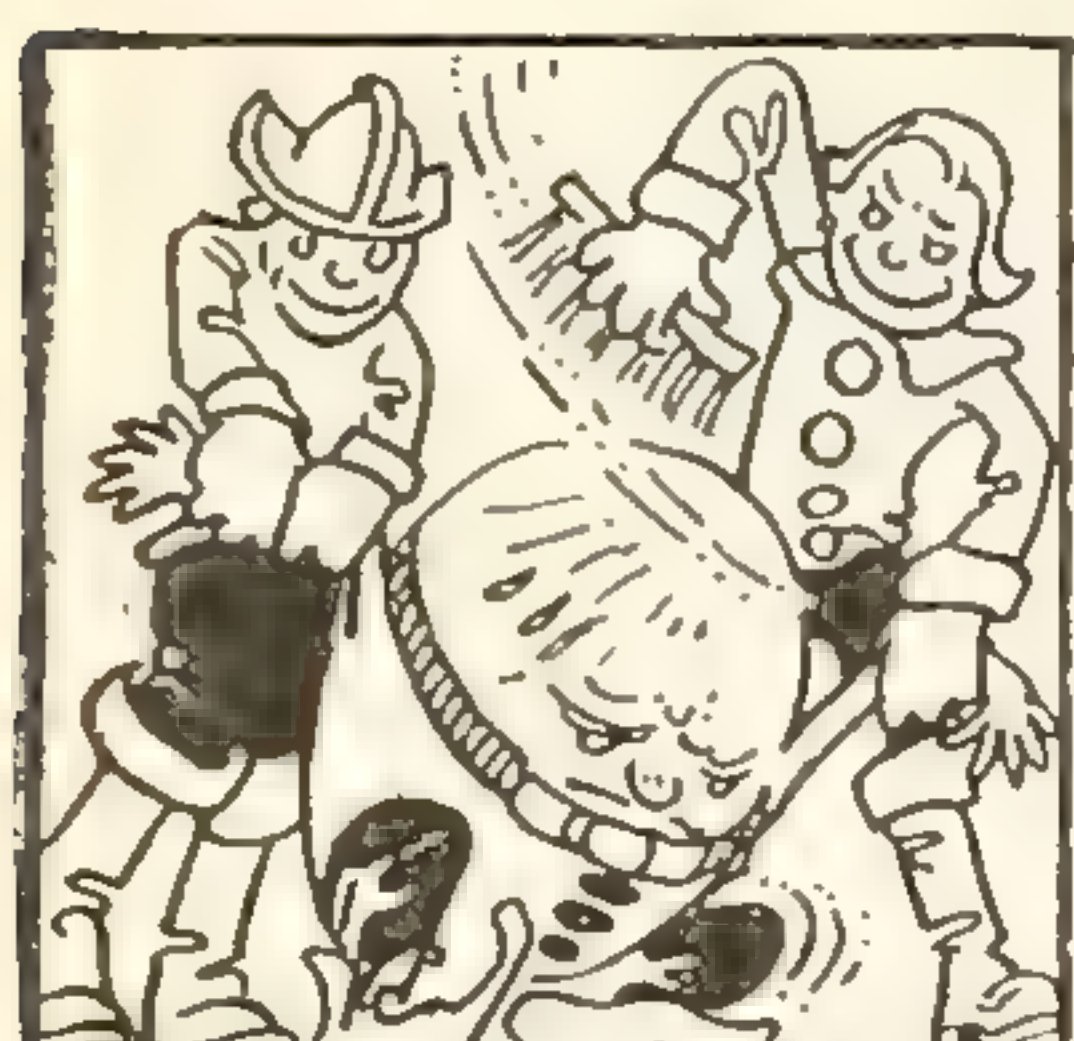
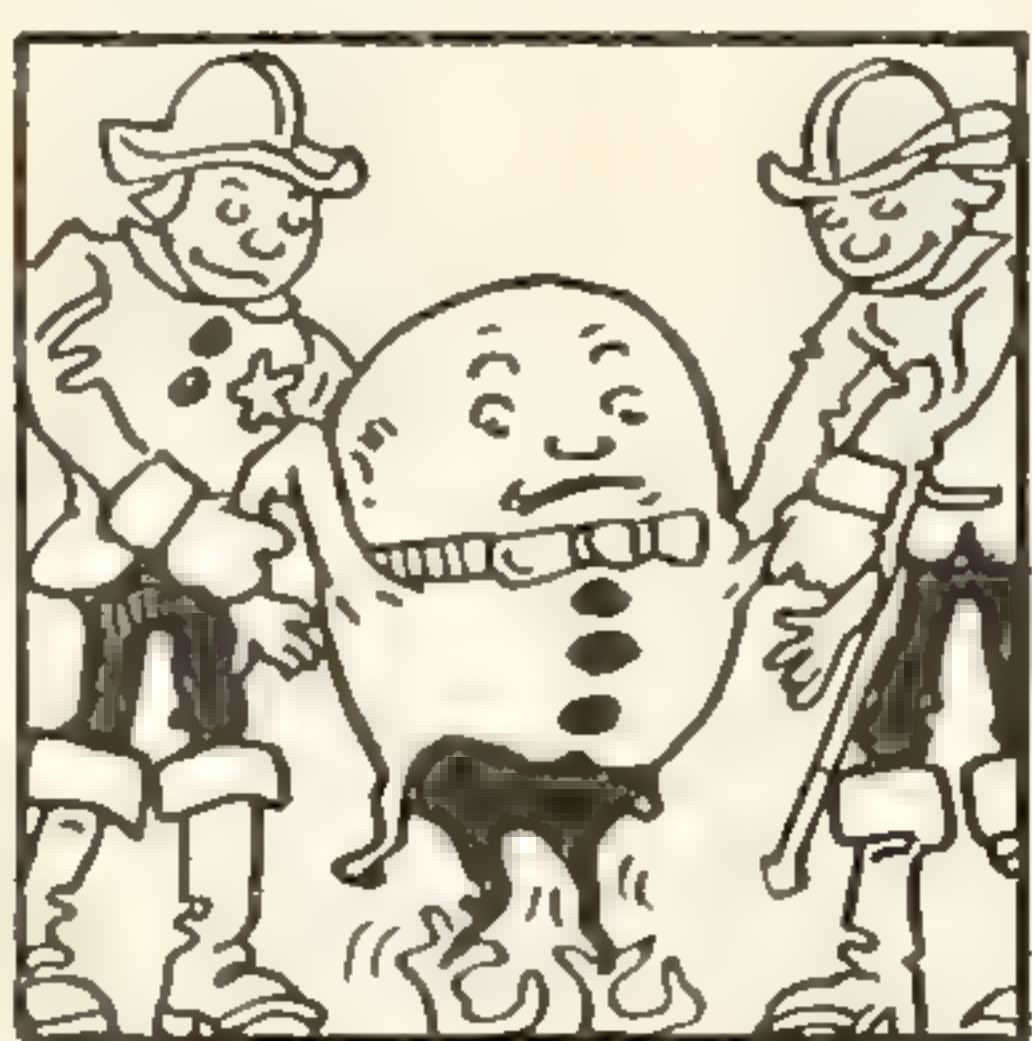
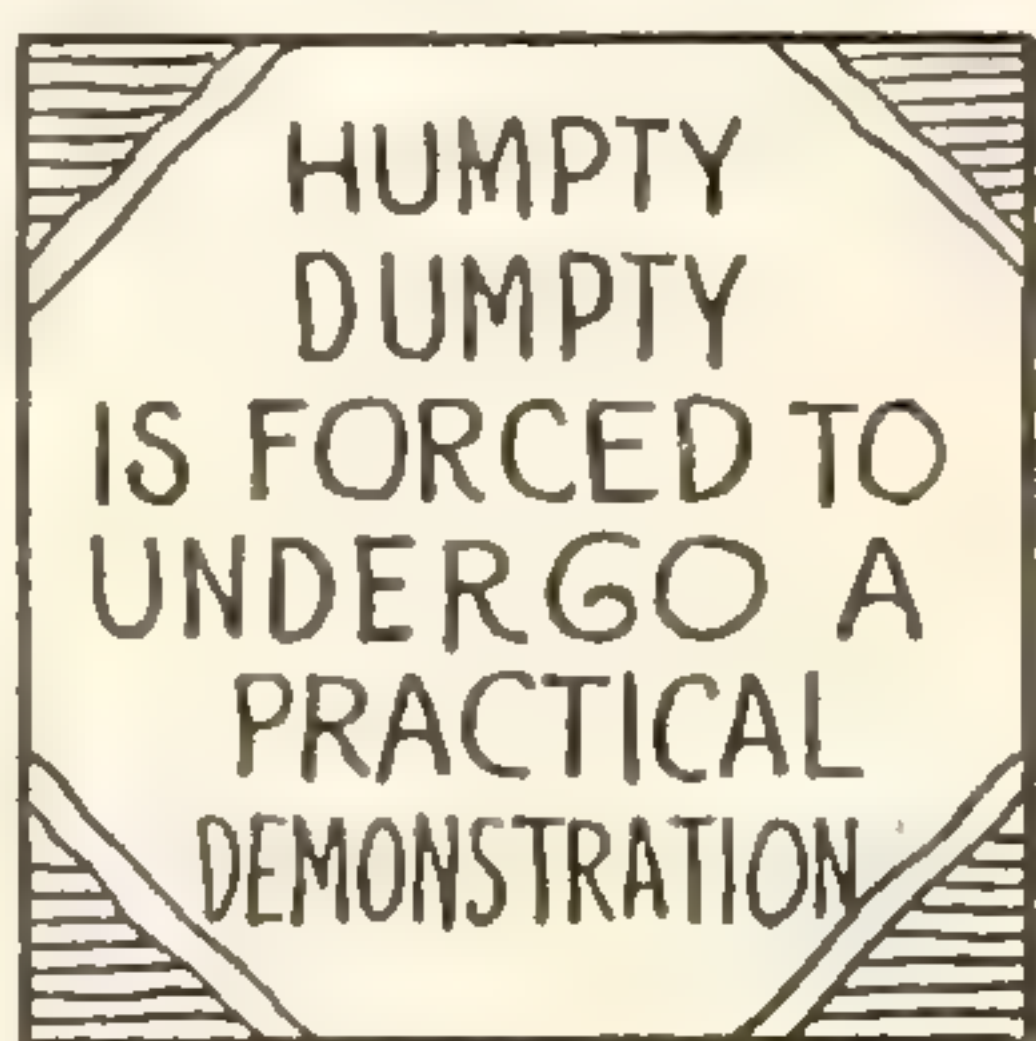
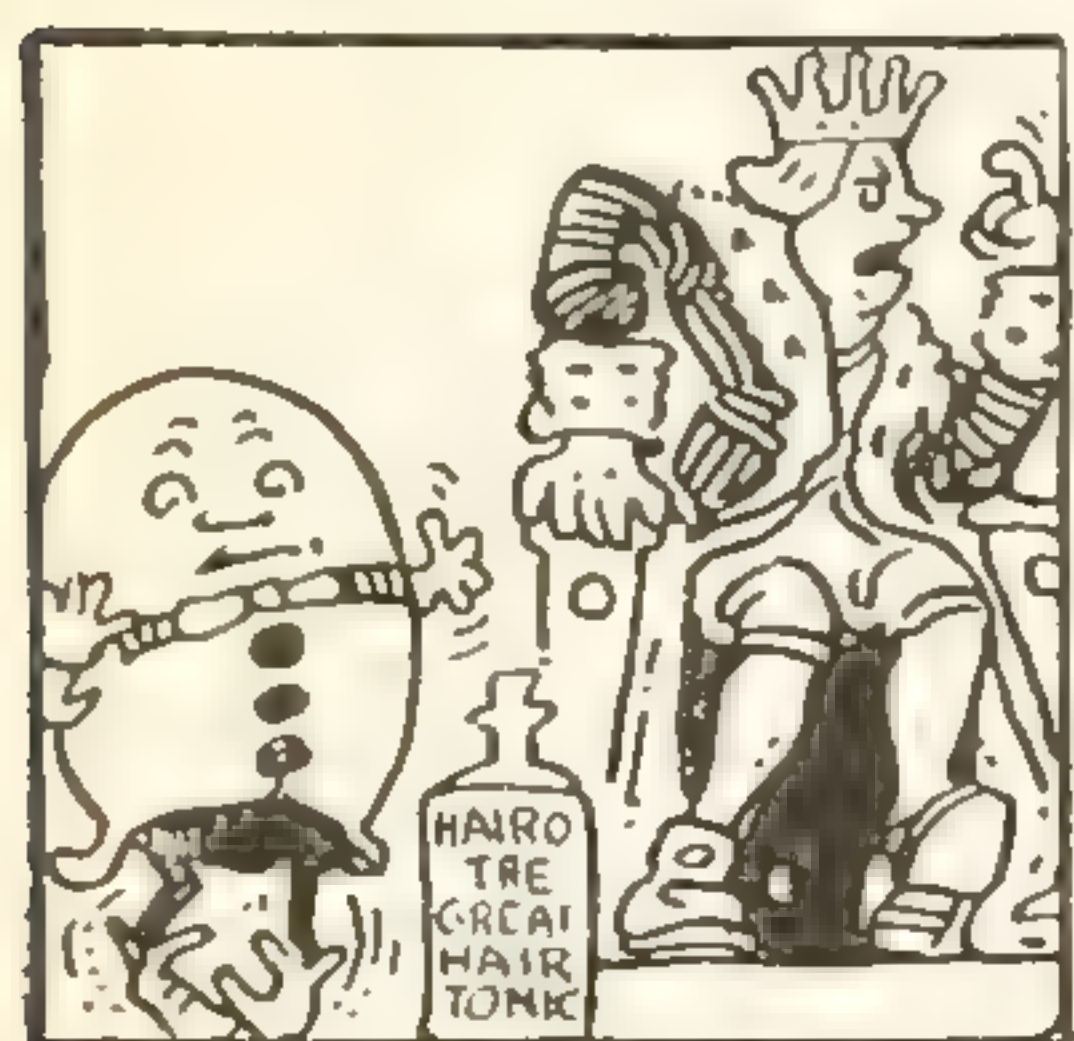
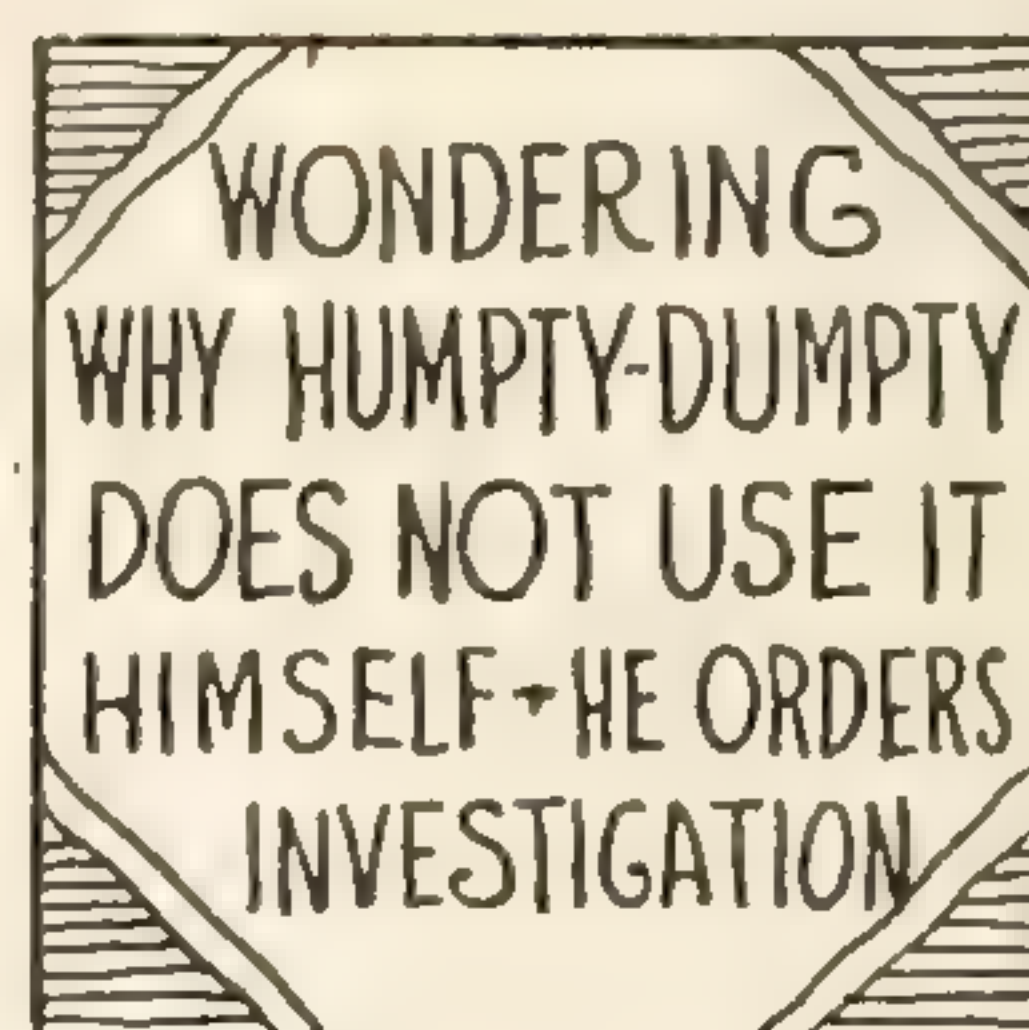
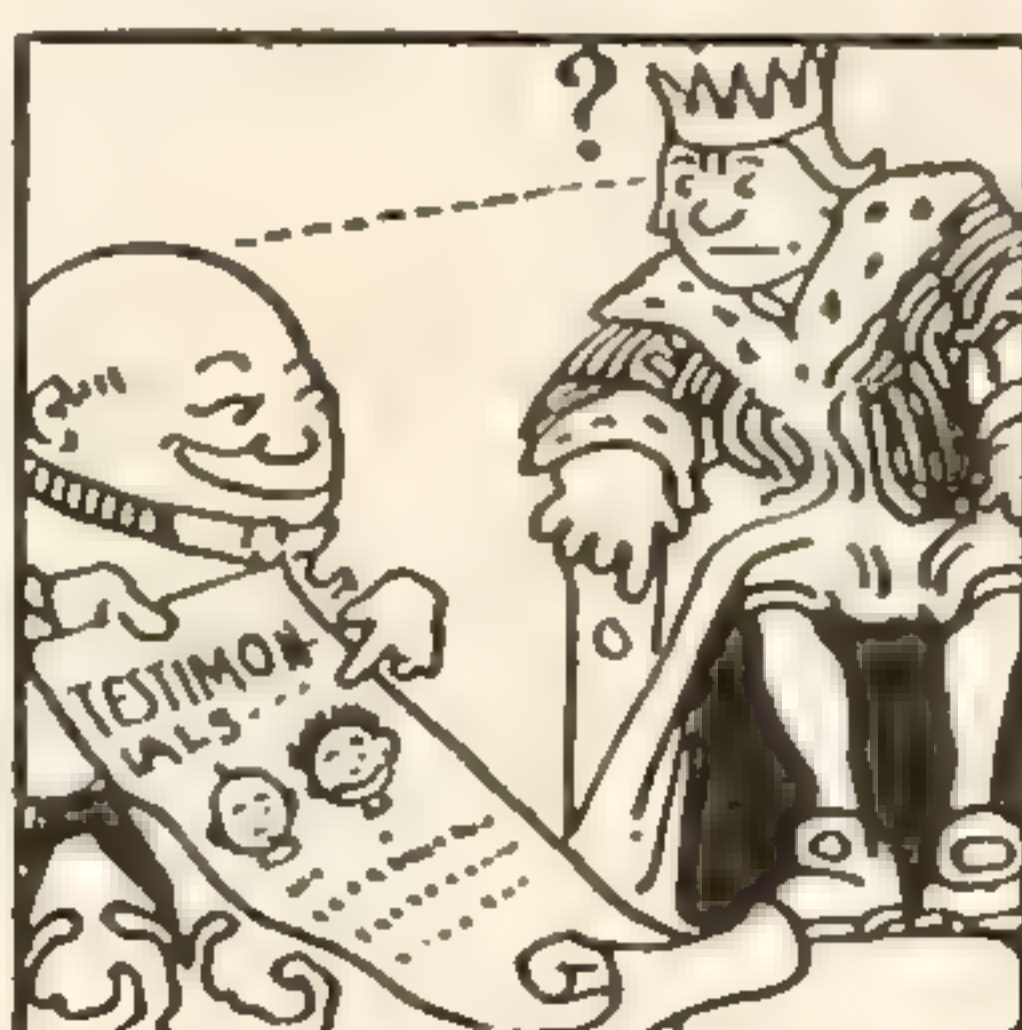
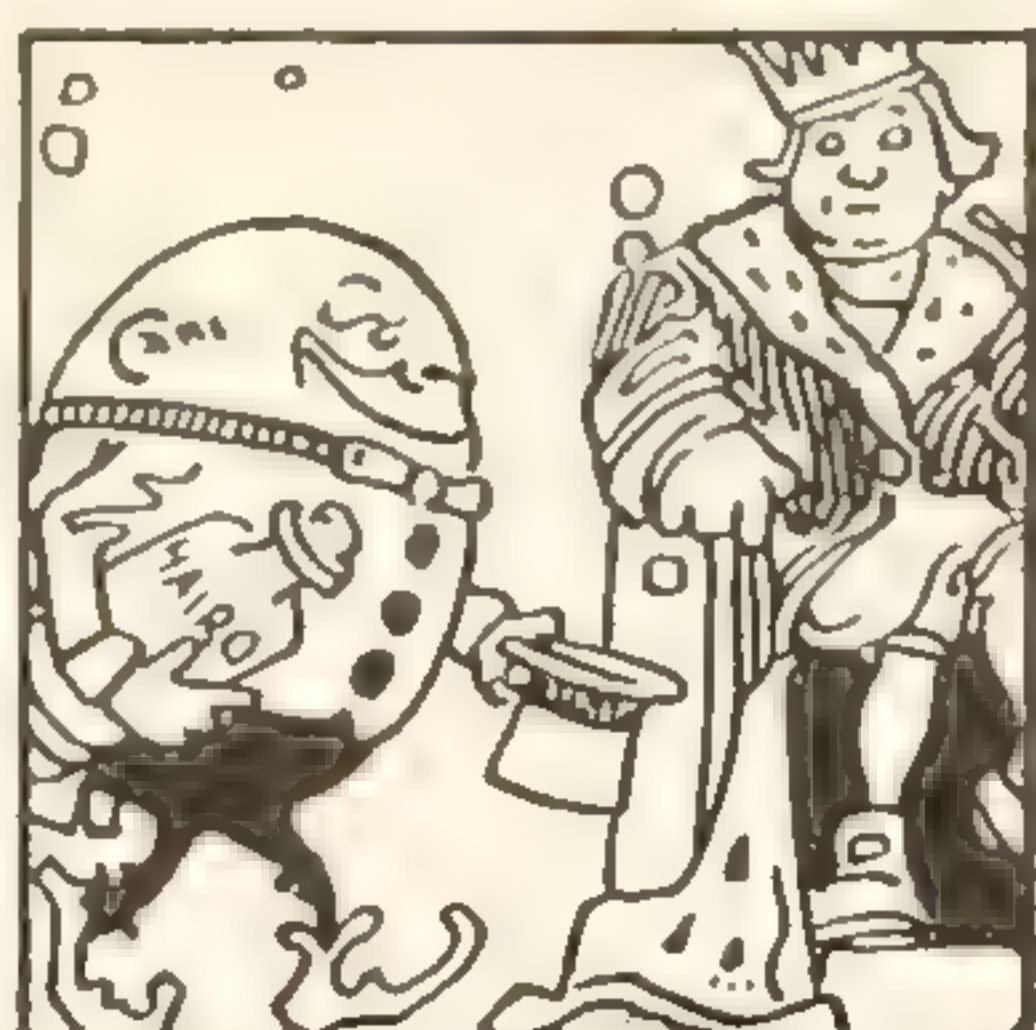


JOKER

Gale Henry is an unexpected maid of honor at a wedding in "Love Laughs at the Law."



# FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES.

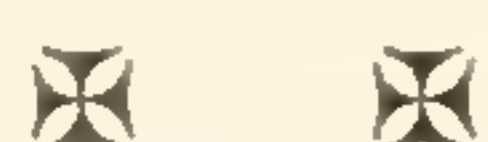


The fall and rise of Humpty Dumpty that was no fault of his.

## No Chaser

*Sunday-school teacher*—Can any boy tell me what comes after the Acts?

*Tommie*—The pictures used to, but now they are the whole show.



## Age Will Tell

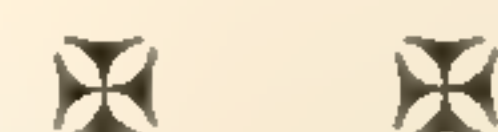
*Kriss*—Does Miss Film keep herself up-to-date?

*Kross*—Yes; in everything but her age.

## Drives Tandem

*Click*—Did the movie actor get hitched up?

*Clack*—Yes; his wife is handling the reins and driving him to distraction.



## Poor Values

*Cobb*—Did Kriss try to obtain a position as a movie actor?

*Webb*—Yes; and now he is casting reflections upon all the concerns, because they didn't try to screen his faults.





LASKY

Victor Moore, as the impudent mechanic, improvises a lorgnette that does very effective work in its way.



LASKY

"Don't argue with me. I'll liberate you when you pay that fine." From "The Race."

### "The Race," Victor Moore's Latest Success

**I**T HAS to do with the adventures of Jimmy Grayson, the frivolous son of a wealthy automobile manufacturer.

Jimmy loses ten thousand dollars in gambling and is disowned by his stern father. While standing in the street, wondering what he should do next, he is run into by an automobile owned by a wealthy old woman and driven by a pretty, feminine chauffeur. The owner of the car secures Jimmy employment as mechanic in a garage, and since he has no money, the attractive young "chauffeuress" takes him to her father at their home.

Mr. Van Dyke is a clerk in Grayson's office, and to obtain money to make models of a new carbureter he has invented, has stolen nine thousand dollars from the firm. Grace, his daughter, working as a chauffeur, is ignorant of this theft, until it is finally discovered, and he is forced to confess to her. Van Dyke has perfected the carbureter and has offered it for sale, but is unable to secure the money immediately.

Grayson, to advertise his car, plans a transcontinental trip. The regular driver having been taken ill, Jimmy is appointed substitute. The rival firm, learning of this, also fits up a car for a similar trip, and Grace, hoping to secure sufficient money to keep her father out of jail, is allowed to drive it. So Jimmy and Grace, each unknown to the other, start on their long, transcontinental flight. Garages are burned and obstacles

of every description placed in the way. Finally the Grayson agents send Grace over the wrong road, and her car plunges over a bank. There she is found by Jimmy, and the reason of her making the trip is explained. Jimmy decides that he, instead of Grace's father, should go to jail, and deliberately breaks his car. Grace tows Jimmy's car through cheering crowds in front of the New York City Hall.

As Jimmy steps out of the machine, he is arrested for the gambling debt, while the triumphant rival hands Grace a check for the ten thousand dollars. Grace then goes to a hotel room, where she receives a telegram from her father, stating that he has received twenty-five thousand dollars as advance royalty on the carbureter.

Grace hastens to the jail and turns the ten thousand over to Jimmy. Jimmy's arms reach to her through iron bars, and the jailer discreetly turns his back.



LASKY

Victor Moore, in "The Race," keeps to schedule time by having luncheons, shaves and interviews all at the same time.



### A Margin

A wedding was being screened. A poor man was supposed to be marrying a rich woman.

Mrs. Lanigan, turning to her husband, said, "That woman is wise to invest her money in the bonds of matrimony."

"That may be," was the rejoinder; "but Oi think she will find them to be false security."



### Nerve-racking

*Tipp*—A picture actress must have lots of nerve.

*Topp*—Yes; we never see one afraid of her own shadow.





FAMOUS PLAYERS

"Hm!" said John Barrymore. "Looks as if the motion picture business was going to the dogs. But it's all right, bo. You can't help being in the profesh, can you?" So Barrymore and the dog became very good friends while rehearsing for the Famous Players-Paramount picture, "The Lost Bridegroom." The dog seems to be enjoying the picture a trifle more than Mr. Barrymore.

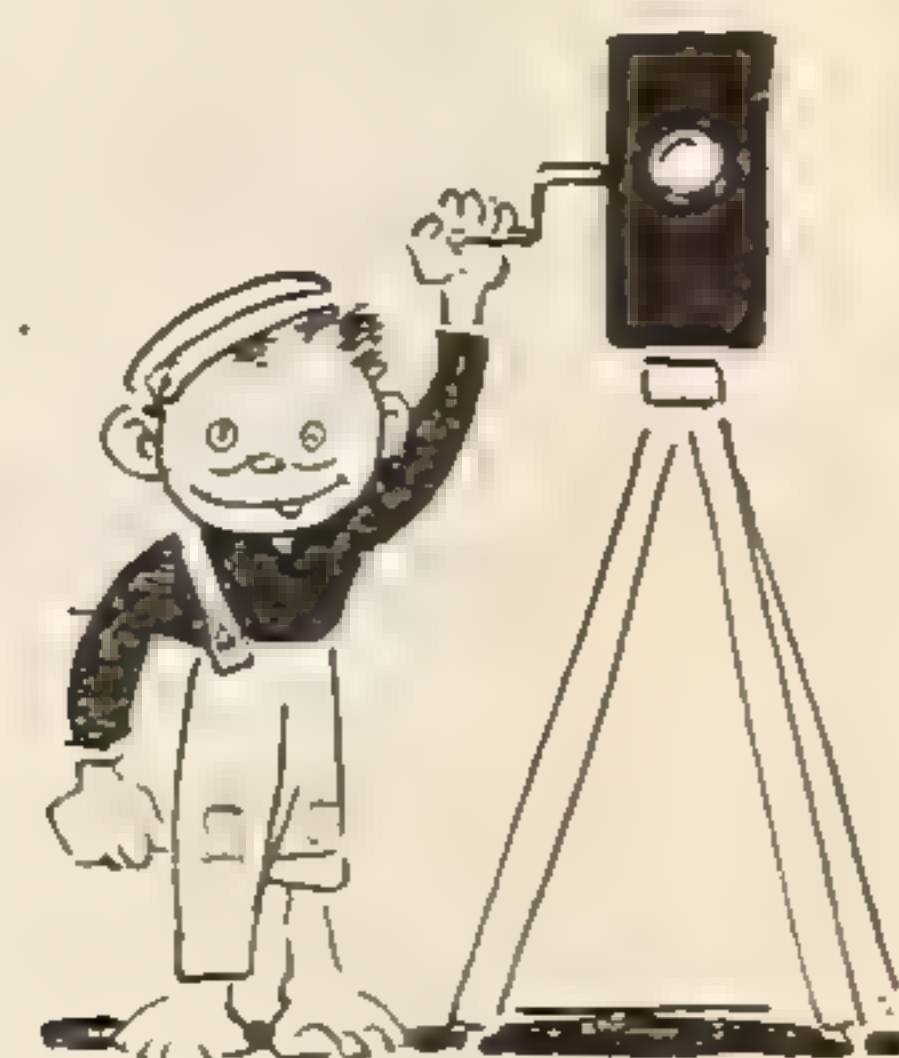
## Barbara Freitchie in the Movies

By C. M. BALDWIN

UP THE street came the supers' tread,  
The hard-faced director stalking ahead.  
Under his slouched hat, left and right,  
He scowl'd; the movie star shook with fright.  
"Halt!" The dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
"Fire!" Out-blazed the director's blast.  
Down came the window, pane and sash;  
Rent was the banner, with seam and sash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,  
The movie star snatched the silken scarf.  
She leaned far out on the window sill,  
And the director shouted, "How's that, Bill?"  
"Shoot, if you will, that old gray head,  
But be sure you're in the film," he said.  
A shade of harshness, a burst of flame  
Over the face of the director came.  
The harsher nature within him stirred;  
The pesky film had gone and blurred.  
"We must do it over, you old boneheads!  
It's in a fog. March on!" he said.

All day long through the property street  
Sounded the tread of the supers' feet.  
All day long that director bossed  
And urged not a minute's time be lost.  
Ever his sharp voice rose and fell,  
As he mentioned warm places with a brimstony smell.  
When at last came the sunset light,  
The scenario man said the film was right.  
As the star moved on, she shed a tear,  
For she had been hurt by the director's sneer.  
And chilly the stars above looked down,  
As the movie star left Fredericktown.







TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

In "A Bathhouse Blunder," Blanche Payson is the wife selected by his parents for their beloved son (Joseph Belmont), but son seems a bit wary of his husky fiancée.

### Farnum on Preparedness

"Speaking of cooks," says William Farnum, who has been rehearsing the William Fox photoplay, "Battle of Hearts," "I don't take any chances with dilettante cooklets. I want the professionals. My palate is trained to good food, well cooked. I am not particular about strawberries in December; but when I have 'em served in a shortcake in May, I want the shortcake right on the job."

Mr. Farnum delivered his ultimatum with feeling. His director had just informed him that when they trekked out to get some exteriors on Santa Cruz Island, which is about forty miles from the California mainland, they would be expected to sort of rough it on the food question.

"We will have to live in tents, and you might as well make up your mind to plain food for a while," announced the director.

"What kind of a commissary will be furnished?" inquired Mr. Farnum anxiously. "I'm a trifle particular about my meals. I like 'em regular, and I like 'em done right. I don't seem to hanker after the hit-or-miss variety of cooks."

"Fear not, little one," said the commissary manager cheerily. "I'm going to be right there myself. If the cooks fall down, I'll wield the frying pan myself. Give me a good fire, plenty of time, and I can turn out a meal that will make strong men give thanks."

Farnum said nothing. He merely disappeared. Within an hour he unloaded two sedate Chinamen, who immediately disappeared within the cook tent and began to manipulate kitchen tools with a practiced hand.

"I'm taking no chances," insisted Farnum. "Not a cooking-school class in mine. I have eaten food prepared by actor-cooks before. These gents know exactly what to do with raw material, and I'm strong for preparedness—me!"

### What's Your Lucky Number?

"What can I say in two minutes," protested Mme. Kalich, the Fox star, "unless I tell you about my pet superstitions? But it would not be lucky for me to give you just two minutes—it must be eight."

"Why eight?" asked the Two-minute Man.

"Because eight is my lucky number," said Mme. Kalich. "You see, eight has always meant success for me. I invariably begin any new undertaking on the eighth day of the month or a date that contains the figure eight. It was the first number I made when I was a small child."

"Then tell us why eight is your lucky number," insisted the Two-minute Man.

"How should I know?" said Mme. Kalich. "It just is, and that is all I know about it. Everybody has a lucky number, you know, if they can only discover it. I did not discover mine until eight years ago, and since then I have been most happy. Go now and discover for yourself your lucky number."



### A Live Reeler

*Kriss*—We had a regular movie at our house last night.

*Kross*—How was that?

*Kriss*—The cook got tipsy, created a scene, registered defiance when I tried to direct her movements, and then she went reeling out of the house.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Miss Blanche Payson was a policewoman in the Zone at the Panama-Pacific Exposition before she was engaged by a Keystone director to play with William Collier. In this scene from "Wife and Auto Trouble," she is carrying her recalcitrant spouse to his morning bath.



# FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



A Spring day incident: or, easy come, easy go.

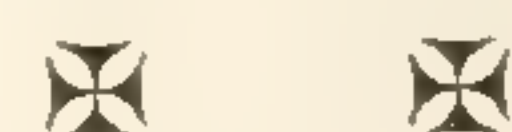
## His Last Nickel

"It will take me just two minutes to tell you the most foolish purchase I ever heard of," said Claire Whitney. "It was a woman who did it, too. The family was poor as Job's turkey and reached the point when there was but a nickel in the house. The husband had heard of a job six miles distant. Instead of taking the nickel for the ride, as most men would, he felt sorry for his wife and gave her the money.

"Go to your mother's for the day," he urged. "She will give you your dinner."

"He walked the six miles and back, having secured the job. First thing he did was to ask his wife if she had had anything to eat.

"Well," she said, "I didn't go to mother's. I started, but I saw a peddler on the corner, who was selling goldfish for a nickel apiece, and I bought a goldfish instead!"



Director—Have you any objections to kissing six girls in one scene?

Actor—Of course not! Can we start rehearsing at once?





PATHE

Little Mary Sunshine has to undergo a series of baths before the grime of her home is washed off; but she doesn't care. She likes baths.

### "Little Mary Sunshine"

"**L**ITTLE MARY SUNSHINE" is one of those "once-upon-a-time" butterflies through whose gauzy wings we see life in rare and delightful tints. Five reels isn't a bit too long for "Little Mary," who, thank heaven! doesn't realize the charm of her plump little self. Her utter unconsciousness of herself is a revelation in art, particularly in one so young, and points encouragingly to a brilliant stage career. Director Henry King, who plays a lead in the picture, deserves notice for his clever handling of the child and his delicate, knowing touch on a play that was woven of Fancy's woof.

Marguerite Nichols, who plays Sylvia Sanford, Bob's sweetheart, is an ingenue of convincing appeal. She possesses that elusive quality known as charm, and fits splendidly in a picture as wholesome as this. Andrew Arbuckle does the "leave-it-to-dad" stuff happily, and Mollie McConnell, as Sylvia's mother, shows the ease and refinement that have characterized her work from the beginning. And we mustn't forget the bear—a really, truly bruin, who seemed to think the whole thing a great lark and acted accordingly. We suspect him of knowing a great deal more than he's willing to admit, for there were times—we could vouch for it—he winked his eye as who would say, "Oh, the cleverness of me!"

The play starts in a cheerless, hope-forsaken room in a tenement in the slums. Little Mary seems to have been deprived of that joy of life most kids are heir to, and is rather a sorry spectacle. Her mother has a weak heart and her father a strong temper. Father comes home drunk, frightens mother, whose heart stops for all time, and then runs off, leaving little Mary all alone. Some neighbor tells Mary that "Mother's in Heaven," and the kid starts out to hunt her up. She gets tired after walking a long way, creeps into a standing automobile and pulls the rug over her. There she is found by Bob Daley, who, having celebrated with "the

boys" and been turned down by his fiancée therefore, is returning home more sober each minute. Bob's parents take and care for the tyke, who, after a couple of baths, something to eat and a romp in the garden, displays such an inclination to agree with life that she is promptly named "Little Mary Sunshine." She has the wonderfulest dream about a bear and works with Bob's dad to bring about a reconciliation between Bob and his best beloved.

✕ ✕

### More Comfort in Tears?

"I know my sex, and it always finds more comfort in tears than in laughter."

The Two-minute Man looked at Enid Markey in amazement.

"You don't mean——" he began.

"Exactly," returned Miss Markey. "If your role does not fairly possess you, the audience cannot be moved. That is why I am eager for dramatic parts, and that is why I refuse to essay comedy. I like tears—and pathos—and sadness. All women do."

"How about the men?" asked the Two-minute Man. "They are keen on comedy."

"Oh—the men!" said Miss Markey, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders.

Which ended the story.

✕ ✕

Writer—I have just found a germ for a plot to use in a scenario.

Wife—I bet you will never inoculate any of the editors with it.



PATHE

"Peek-a-boo!" calls Mary Sunshine to Bob Daley, and has as much fun in rehearsals as if it wasn't work.



PATHE

This is a really, truly bear that Marie Osborne, leading lady in "Little Mary Sunshine," romps about with. And she wasn't a bit afraid of it.





"WHAT'S this big convention full of women that's going on in town right now?" asked the Film Fan's Friend. "Say, up around the Seventh Armory, it fairly boils with women. Good lookers, too. Good dressers. What is it—another suffrage convention?"

"It is not," commented the Film Fan placidly. "It's the General Federation of Women's Clubs."

"Where in thunder are they all from?" queried the Friend. "Looks to me like there might be two or three thousand of 'em milling around."

"Call it twenty thousand, and you may be near right," said the Fan. "Those women come from every State in the Union, and they come nearer to being the strongest influence toward decency and reform than any other organization in this country, bar none."

"That's strong talk," demurred the Friend. "Did you read what that colored man said in a speech down in Virginia not long ago? He said, 'The men has got so, the women has stepped in and says, 'We is going to run the world awhile.''"

"Well, they couldn't do much worse than the men have done, could they?" said the Fan. "The colored man said an earful that time. But don't get gay about these club women, Friend. I remember at the St. Paul biennial, a good many years ago, when the pure food bill was being considered in Washington, hearing Sarah Platt Decker, the best old club scout that ever led any reform movement, come out on the platform and say sadly, 'Ladies, the pure food bill has been tabled. Now I want every woman here to go out and get busy with the telegraph lines. Wire your congressman and your senator and your governor and your men folks and get them all busy on the wire. We'll see if women have any real influence.'

"Say, Friend, Beveridge and a few other chaps were sitting around a desk, when another senator comes along and wants to know what about all these little slips of yellow paper that had been floating in to every senator and congressman about the pure food bill. They came so fast that desks were covered. The first few hundred went into waste baskets, but the last few thousand came so steadily and so determinedly that those wise-acres roused out that little old bill from off the legal parlor table and began to pay it serious attention. In a word—THEY WERE AFRAID OF THE WOMEN!"

"There's no woman I'm afraid of," insisted the Friend.

"Not a one," agreed the Fan calmly, "except the teacher of your boyhood days, your mother and your wife. Every man is deathly afraid of all three."

"Well, what's all this club convention got to do with motion pictures?" demanded the Friend, anxious to change the subject.

"Now we are getting down to brass tacks," said the Fan. "They've got everything to do with motion pictures. Months before this biennial, club women began writing in to the Local Biennial Board, asking if something could not be done to bring

the subject of motion pictures before the attention of the convention. We got 'em by the score. FILM FUN has always stood for the best programs, especially for the children and the young people. It has been against the crude, the coarse and the vulgar from the start. It always will be. And it was right in line with the club women who wrote in and asked what could be done with the exhibitors who persisted in showing cheap, vulgar, flashy pictures, especially in the smaller towns and villages, where the people seemed to have no choice."

"These women wouldn't buy bad butter merely because the grocer offered it for sale," grunted the Friend. "They don't have to go to see bad pictures, do they?"

"There's the point," agreed the Fan. "They don't. And they can band together and demand better films for the small towns, better and more films for the children, and a more wholesome grade of instructive pictures for everybody. But the club women could not seem to get together with the exhibitor and the manufacturer. Some of them condemned motion pictures wholesale.

"FILM FUN saw the opportunity in this big convention meeting here. There would never be such an opportunity for the motion picture men and the club women to get together and thrash out the differences and arrive at a clear understanding. The motion picture men, as a rule, are as anxious to produce good programs as the women are to have them.

"What then?" inquired the Friend.

"We went to the Motion Picture Board of Trade of America. They were more than glad to cater to the club women. They recognized the influence, all right. And they did more than come half way. They made it possible for these club women to have the best programs shown; they asked their opinion of programs; they were ready to talk at any conference; they kept a picture machine at the armory all day long, ready to show any film that might be asked for; they routed out all the good children's films, all the educational films, all the best feature films, the keenest comedy pictures; they worked like troopers for the entertainment and instruction of these club women."

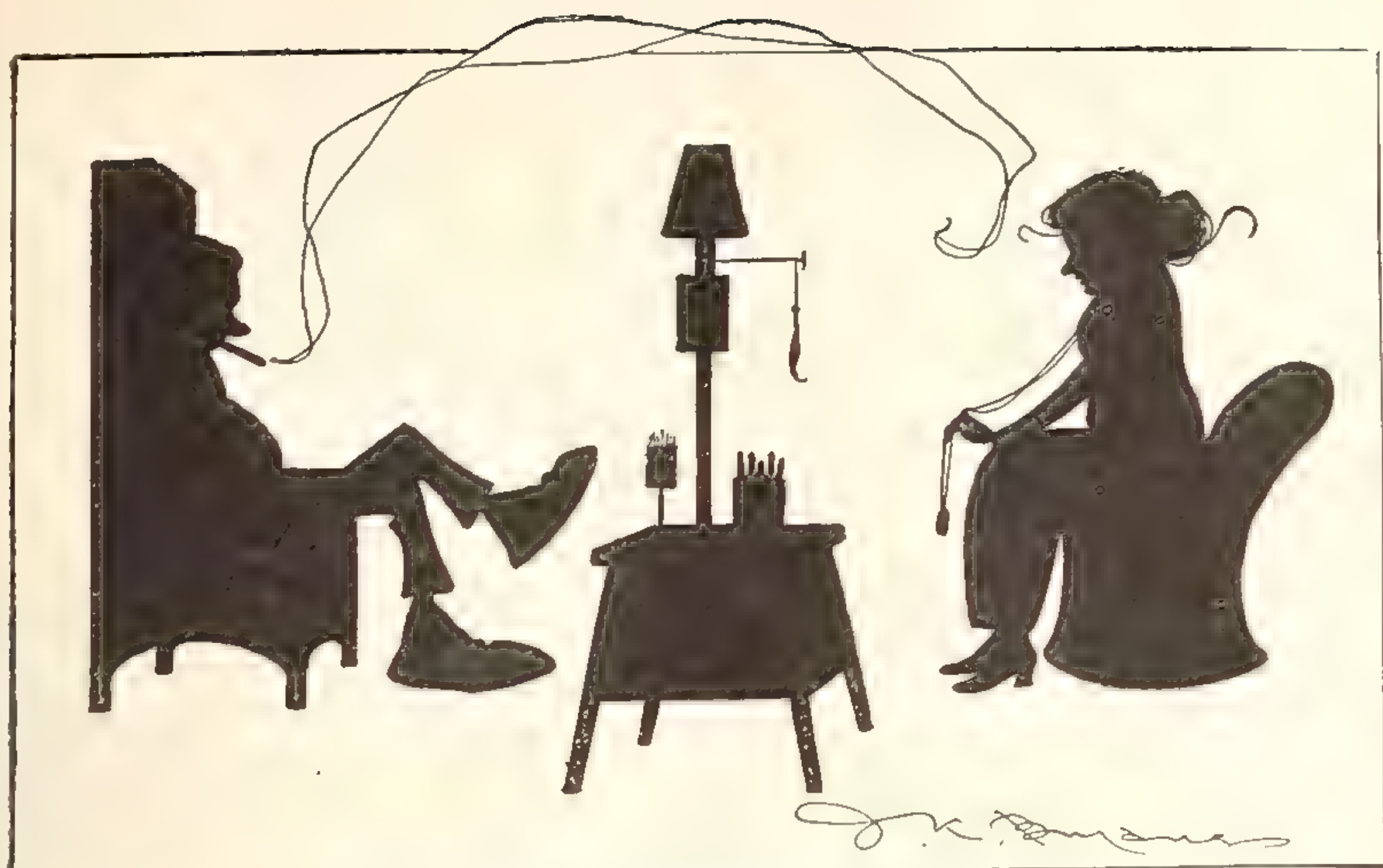
"Great!" said the Friend. "Say, these club women ought to be able to take back some good ideas on motion pictures to their own States, hey?"

"Surely," said the Fan. "That's what we have been trying to do. They have appreciated it. When Mr. Rothapfel offered to open the new Rialto for their entertainment, any morning that might be convenient, every club woman who could possibly cut a conference was there. Many of them are from small towns where the biggest film features cannot go. They have enjoyed this brief glimpse into the better class of films. They have met with the producers and the manufacturers and learned something of the difficulties of the production of pictures. They have swept away all the clouds of weakly sentiment and muddled verbiage and realize their share of the work of getting over the good pictures. They have learned that the influence of the club woman with the exhibitors of her town is as potent, when rightly used, as her influence with any other civic problem. The motion picture people and the club women have both learned something of the real dignity of this new industry and of its possibilities in the future. And FILM FUN is glad that it has insistently stood for the best in motion pictures right from the first."

"I guess you're right," said the Friend.

"I know I'm right," said the Film Fan. "And here it's been almost twenty-four hours since I have seen a good picture. Let's go find one."





### IN THE SAME PLACE.

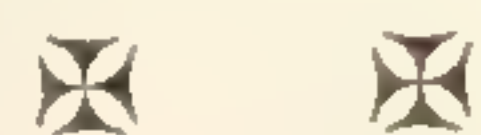
*Martha*—I hear the bustle is coming back again.  
*Mark*—Well, isn't that where it always was?

### Modern Methods

"Hear about Si's barn burning?"

"Yes. Must o' been a sight o' loss, seeing it wa'n't insured."

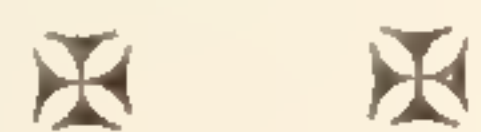
"Oh, Si came out pretty well. The motion pictures of the fire more than paid for the loss."



### Hard Times

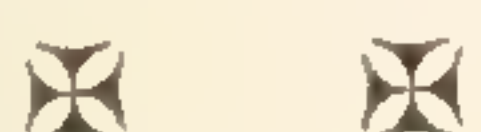
*Knick*—I understand that the camera man is in very hard luck?

*Knack*—Yes; he has a reel of debts, and he has to keep grinding away to pay them off.



### It Is, Indeed!

Two Irishmen were watching some "rough house" comedy. Said one, "Wouldn't yez think thot all that rough stuff would be a great wear and tear on the screen?"



### Another One!

*Cobb*—I suppose your boy will grow up to be a President.

*Webb*—No; he can't seem to keep his feet quiet, so I think he will be another Charlie Chaplin.



### Heard in a Studio

*Friend*—Did you have to let Gray go?

*Director*—Yes; that dunce couldn't even register a kick

## The Retort Courteous

The famous director had an appointment to join his company at a beach location, and, being late, he was breaking various speed limits to get there, when his engine suddenly went back on him.

The usual idiot with the propensity for asking foolish questions came along and surveyed the picture composed of a pair of legs projecting from under the machine, with tools and engine parts profusely scattered over the immediate landscape.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Had an accident?"

"Oh, no!" came in muffled but sarcastic tones from beneath the car. "I'm merely taking it apart to see what makes it tick!"



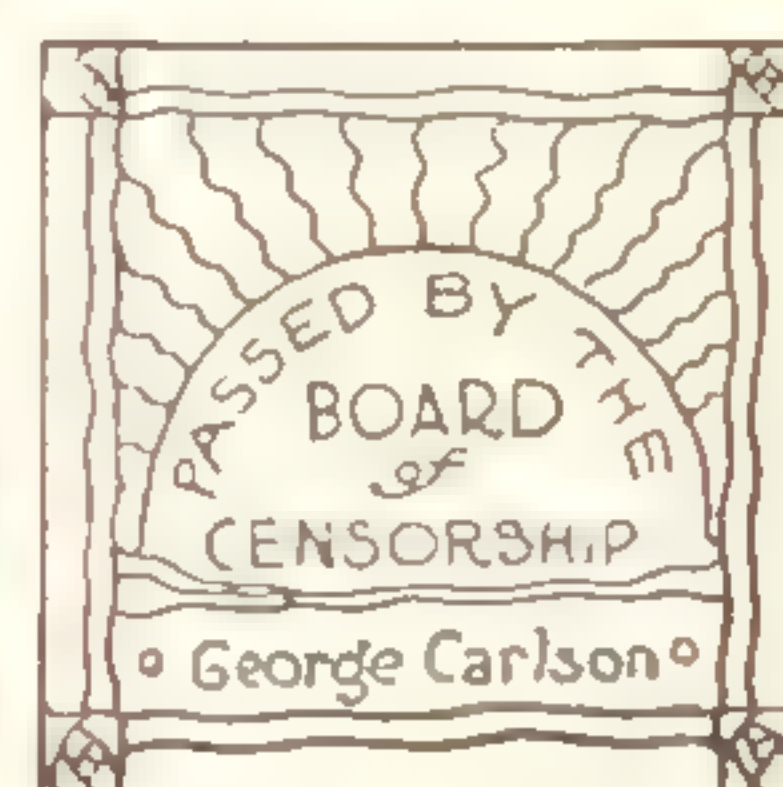
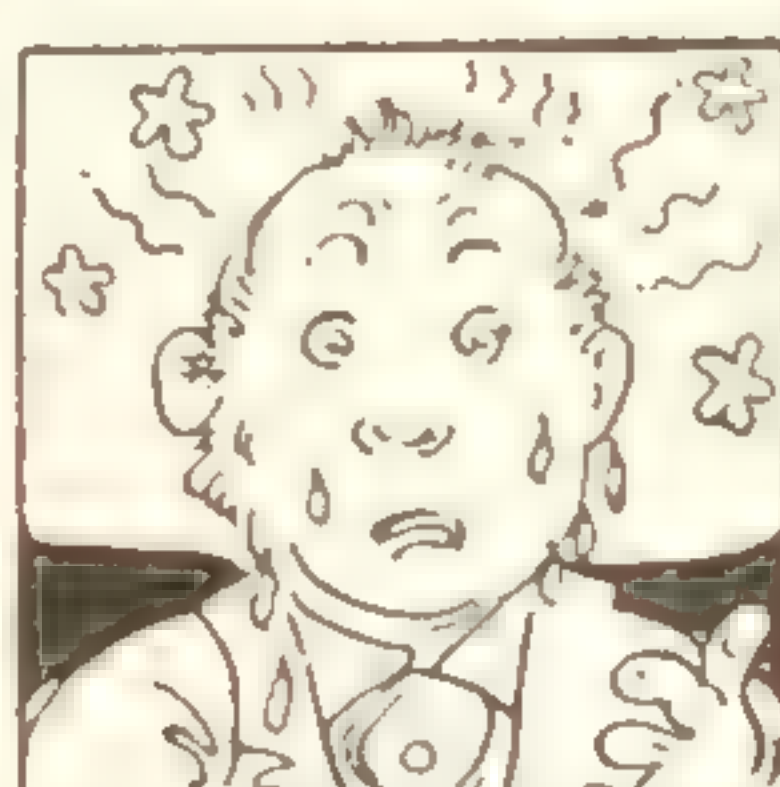
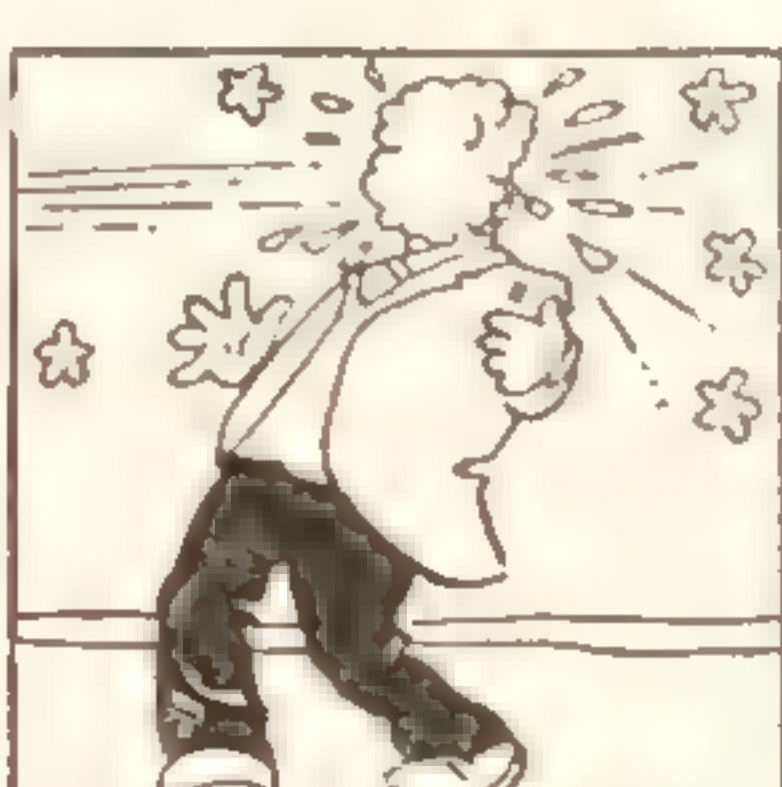
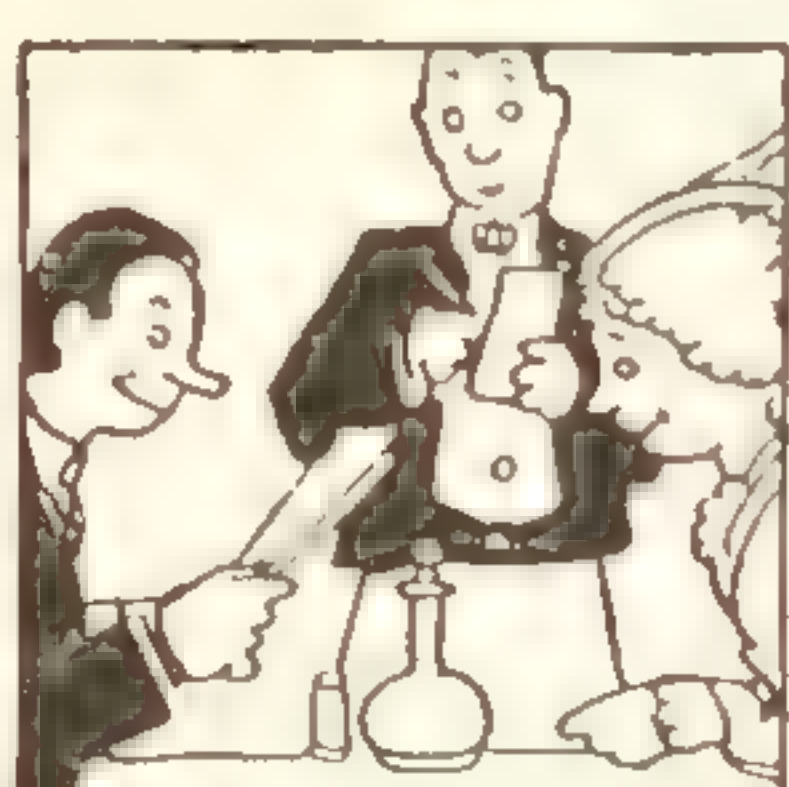
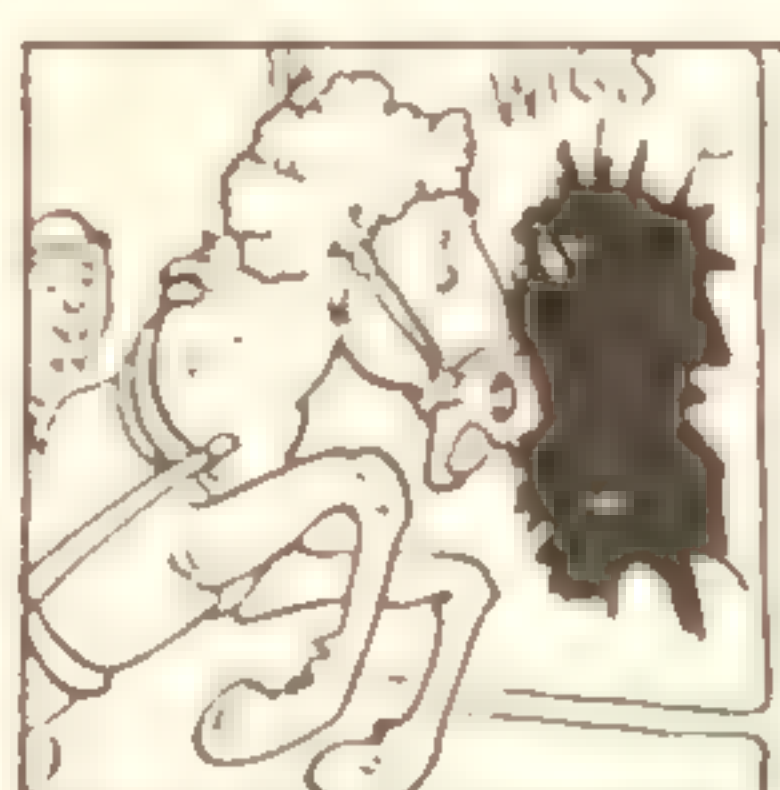
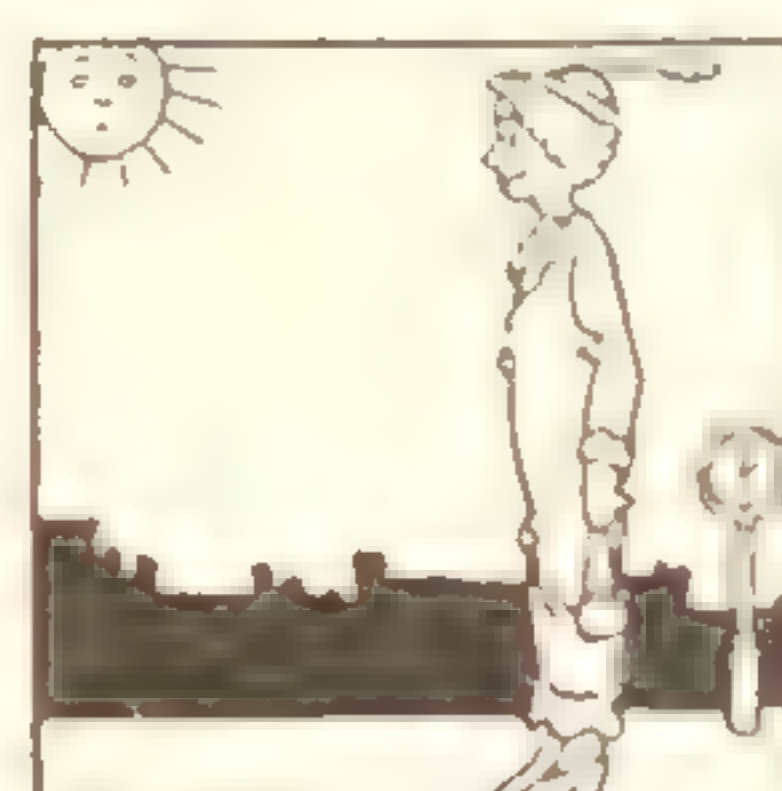
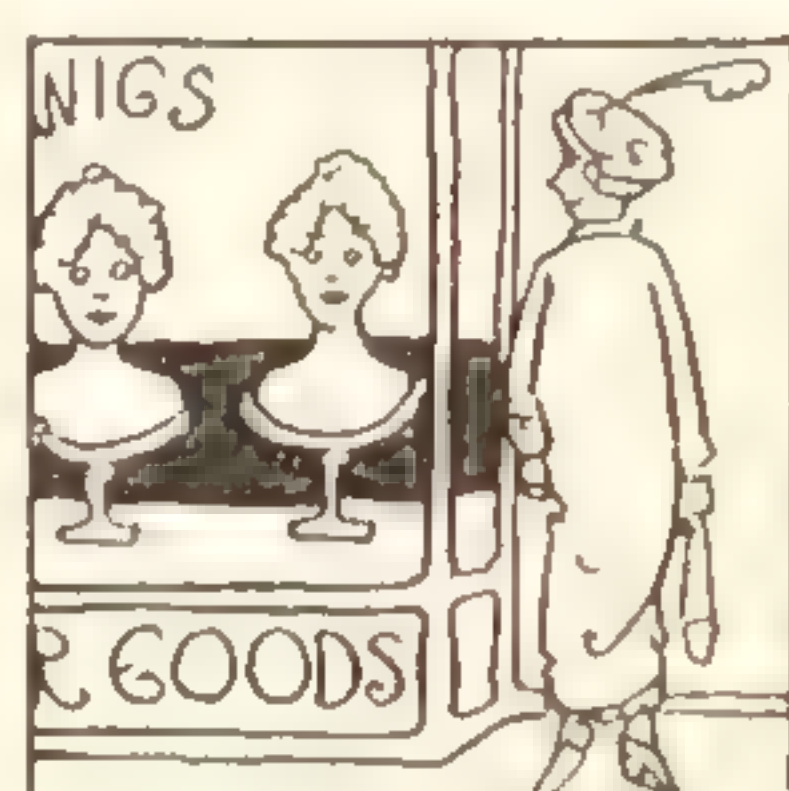
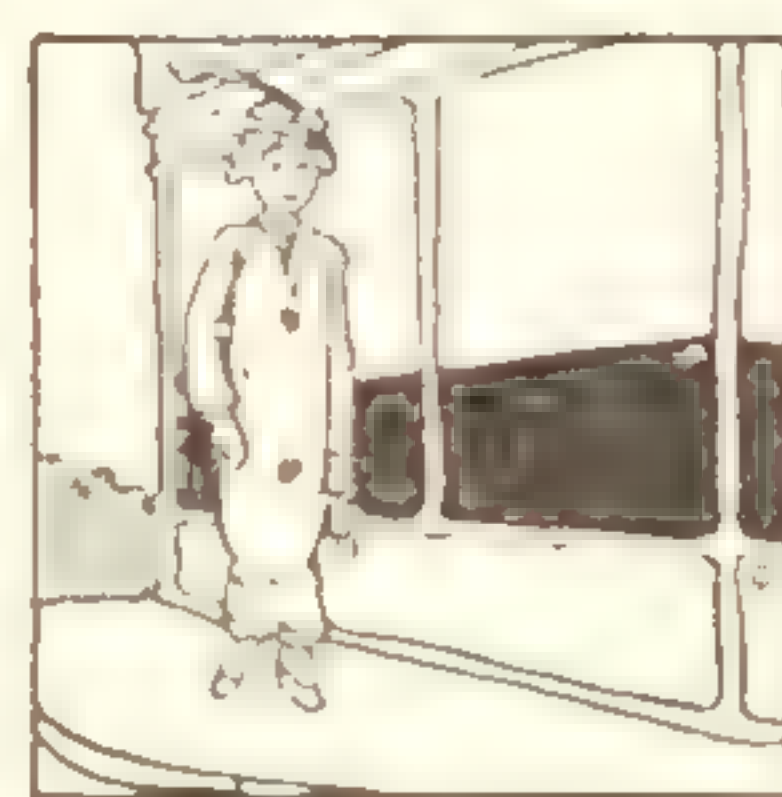
### Old Enough

The picture showed a little boy saying his prayers at the knee of his grandfather. Little Willie asked his mother what the boy was doing.

"Why, he is asking the Lord to guard his grandfather from all harm," was the reply.

"Gee!" said Willie. "Isn't he old enough to take care of himself?"

## FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



Lizzie's green wig; being the adventures of some chromatic hirsutical adornment.



## Out of the Trenches, Boys, Quick!

“ALREADY the political atmosphere is filled with the rumors of presidential booms,” writes a FILM FUN reader, “and candidate after candidate is being considered by the American people for the office of chief magistrate of our land.

“Actuated by a desire to see the United States take her place among those nations that are prepared for war, we hereby bring forward the name of Charles Chaplin as candidate for President on the movie ticket. In the event of a foreign invasion, how simple a matter it would be to send the inimitable Charles into the ranks of the enemy, and then, after he has rendered them helpless with their laughter, gently take their weapons away from them. And then, consider the spirit of humor that would pervade the capital city and the nation at large. Imagine, if you can, if the old adage, ‘Laugh and grow fat,’ holds true, how the lean, dyspeptic congressmen that now infest our Capitol will suddenly take a new interest in life and develop into an aggregation of unrivaled heavyweights.

“Trusting to the innate good sense of the American people, we confidently await their action in this important matter.”

## No Secret

Murphy was having an argument with the usher about a seat. Murphy showed that he doubted the usher’s word. “Don’t you dare call me a liar!” he shouted at Murphy.

“All roight,” was the answer. “Oi will kape it to meself.”

## Fogged!

The scene showed several women sitting in an opera box.

“That makes a pretty picture,” remarked a woman to her husband.

“Yes,” was the reply; “but don’t you think that there is too much under exposure?”

## Not a Fit

Clara—Did she set her cap for the motion picture actor?

Bella—Yes; but he had a bigger head than she thought.

## Works of Art

Knack—Some of these actresses are pretty as a picture.

Knack—Yes; but it’s easy to see that they are not painted in natural colors.

## But What Does He Think?

Mob-man—I understand the motion picture star and his bride are back from their honeymoon trip. Have you seen her?

Mob-woman—Yes.

Mob-man—Does she look happy?

Mob-woman—I should say so! She says she can hardly wait for his first pay-day to come.

## Moving Day

Patron (at the movies)—Is that seat next to you gone?

Casey—Wan minute; Oi’ll see if it is still there.

## A Deft Touch

Friend—Has that actor the artistic touch?

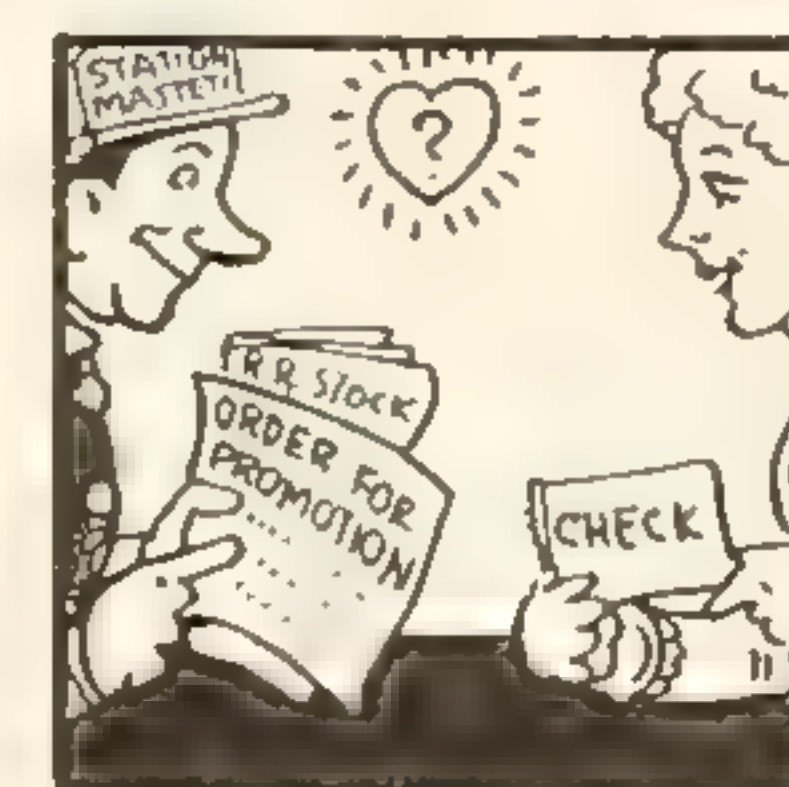
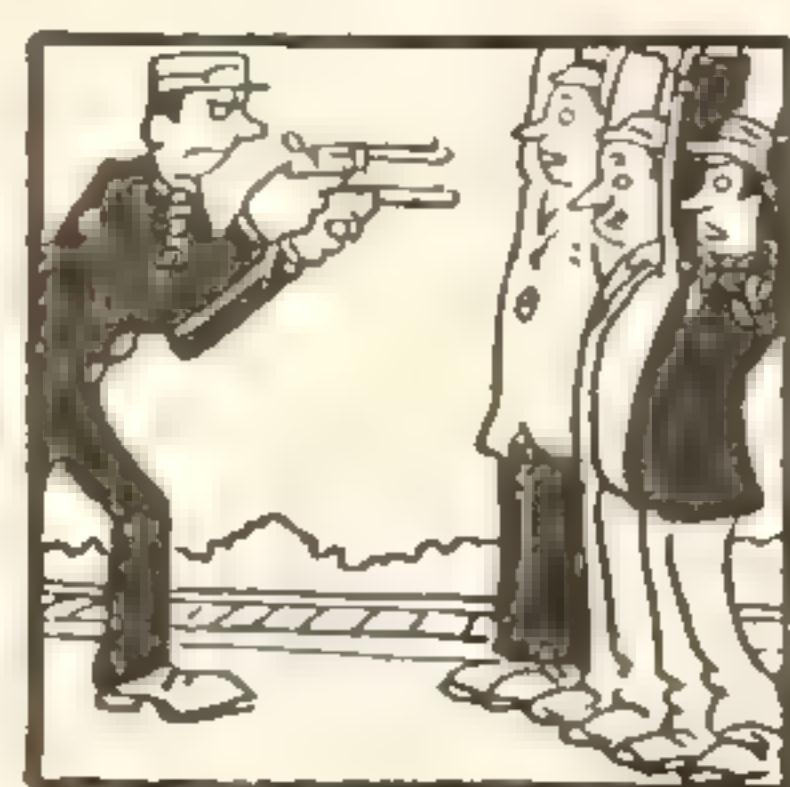
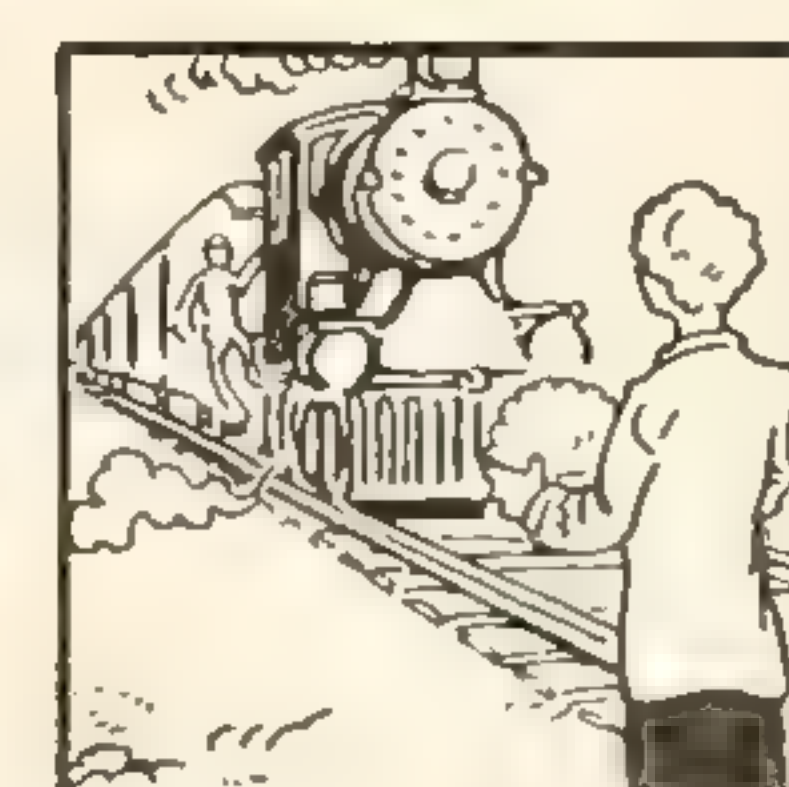
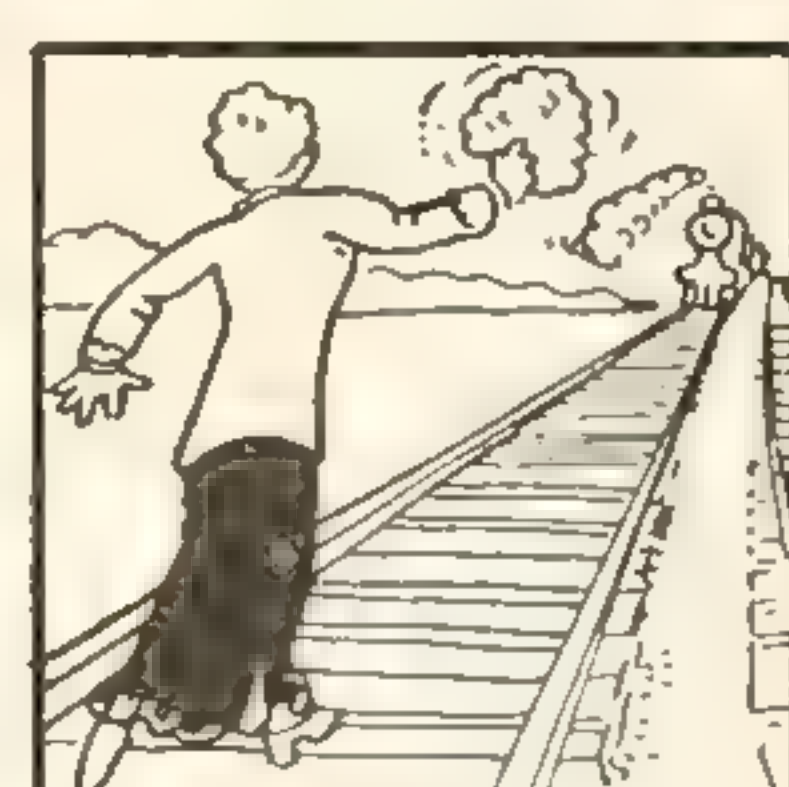
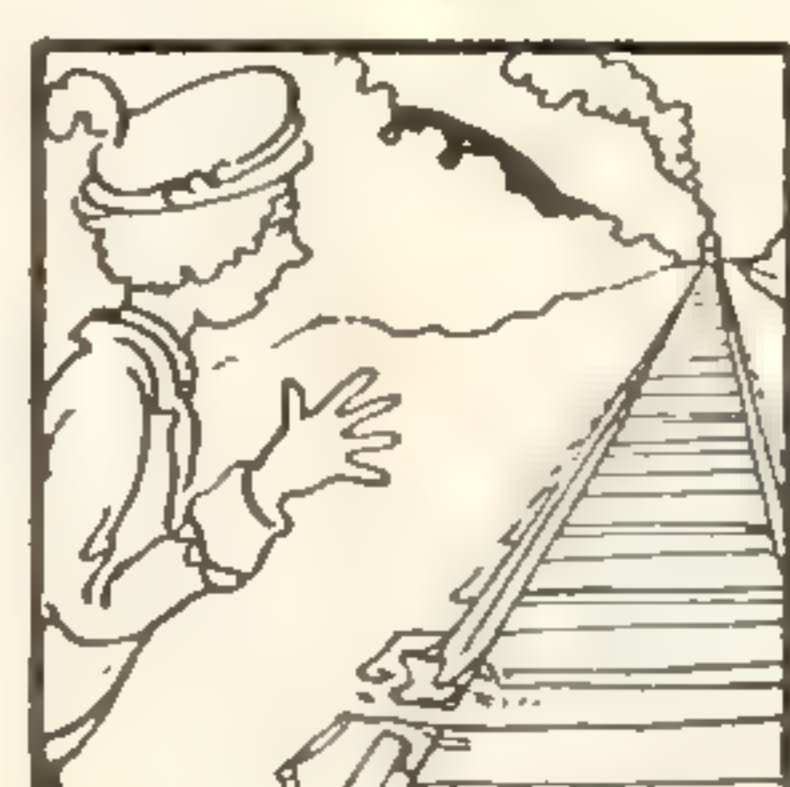
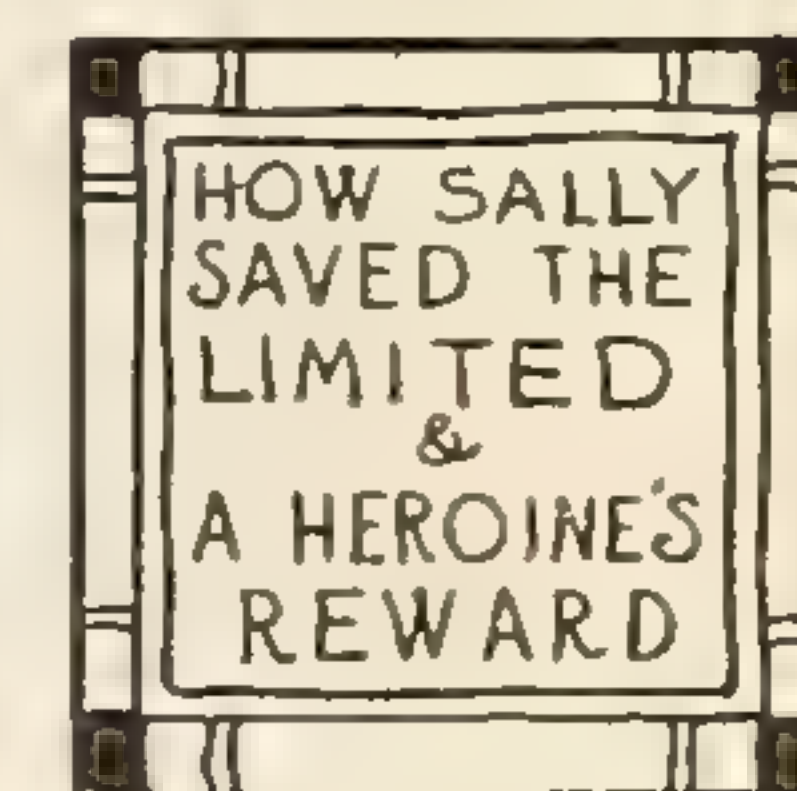
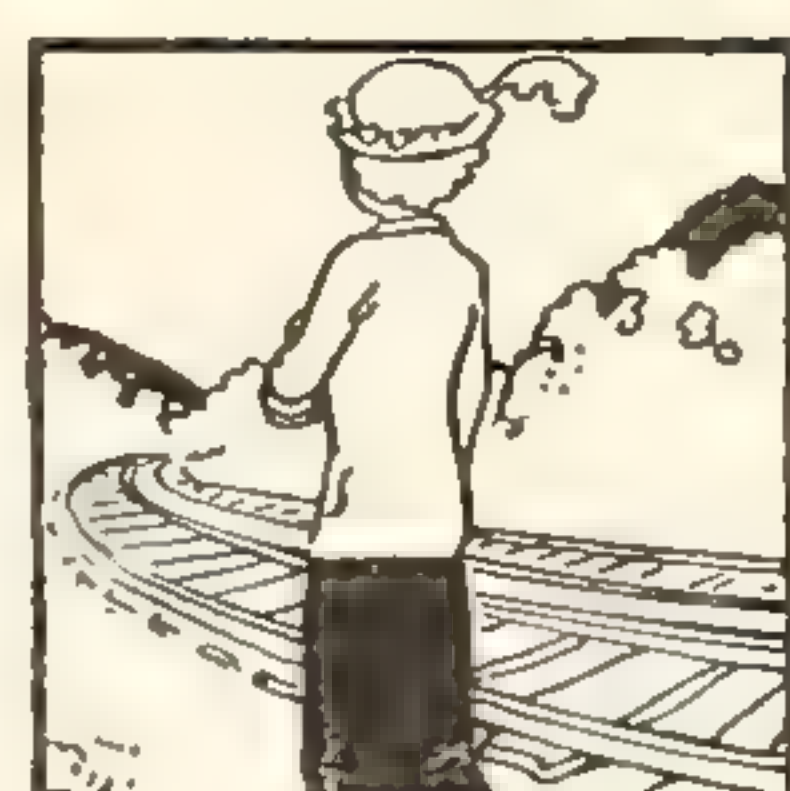
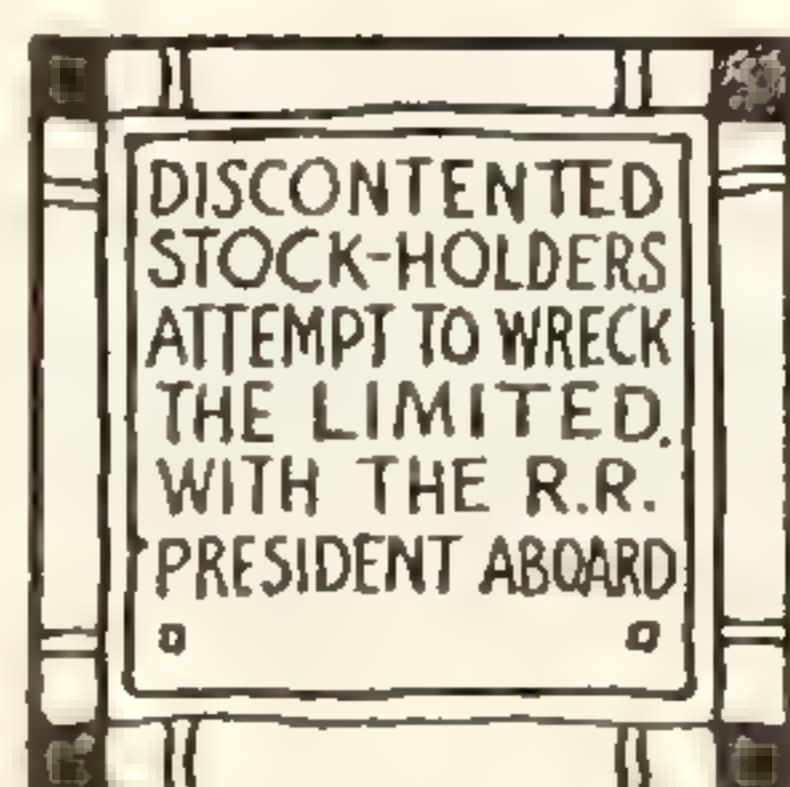
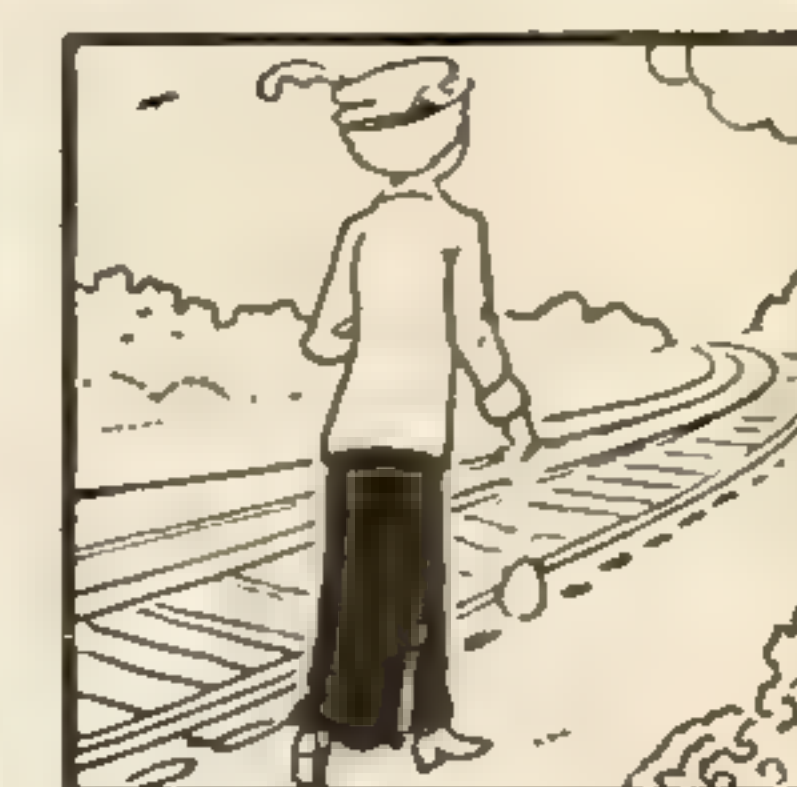
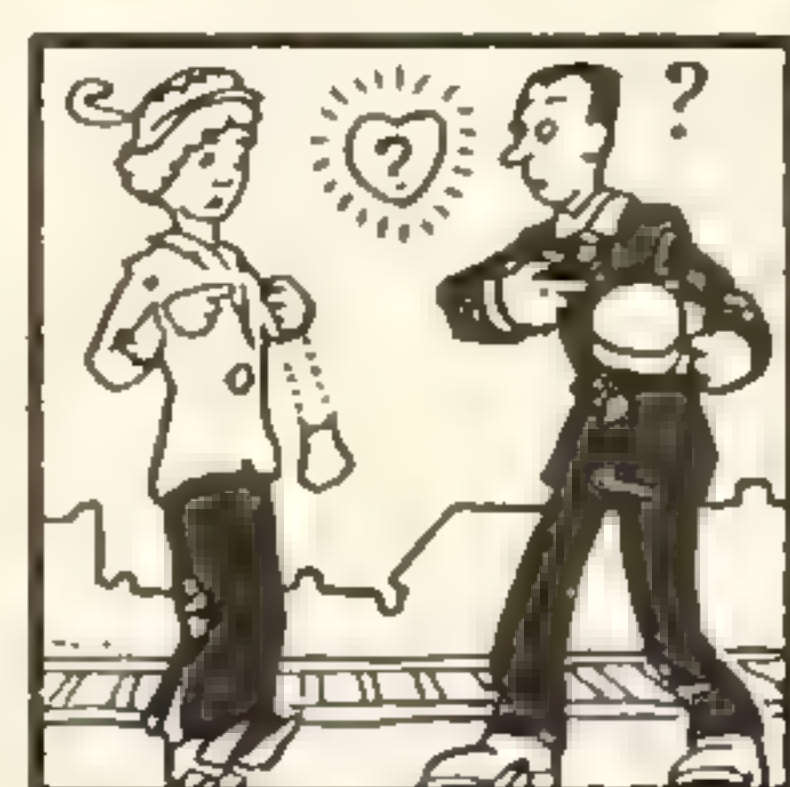
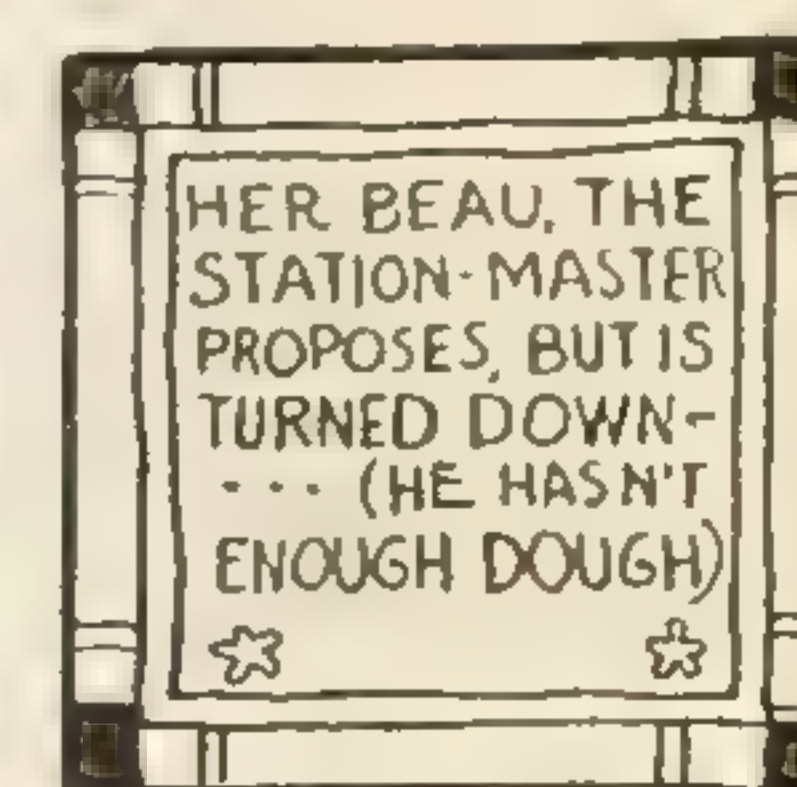
Director—He certainly has; he is always touching me.

## “No Lack of Merit,” Etc.

Friend—Do you ever have any unwelcome thoughts?

Motion picture poet—Yes; those the editors return.

## FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



Wigwagged (with accent on the wig.)



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"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

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"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

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## Who's Who and Where

J. Warren Kerrigan is playing leads for the Bluebird Company. He is the star of "The Gay Lord Waring."



The Smalleys have a new picture, "The Eye of God." Tyrone Powers plays the lead, with Lois Webber opposite.



Jack Neilson has hired out to the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company and has gone to work at Los Angeles. Jack is a handsome chap and used to shine in juvenile leads.



"Nobody loves a fat man is all wrong," said big James Marcus, who is the ranch owner in "Blue Blood and Red." "We're coming back in style, just like money and crinoline skirts."



Percy Pembroke is a new leading man with the Kalem "Hazards of Helen" company. His is not an enviable position, with the risks the players in these railroad pictures are called upon to encounter.



Henry King, the Balboa actor-director, has just completed a Western five-reeler, entitled "The Strugglers," in which he took the lead. He is now starting on another five-reeler, "A Message from the Dead," in which he will take the leading part as well as direct.



Eugene Ormonde, who is appearing with Mme. Bertha Kalich in William Fox's photoplay, "Slander," was told by an admirer that he looked like President Wilson. "The only thing I have in common with the President," Mr. Ormonde replied, "is that we both wear sixteen and a half collars."



Breaking her own osculatory record, Miss Iva Shepard, the Gaumont (Mutual) "vampire," used forty-five feet of celluloid ribbon to record a kiss upon the lips of Earl O. Schenck. Earl came up pale, but smiling. The chaste salute forms a large section of "The Haunted Manor," which Gaumont released in April.



Helene Rosson, seventeen-year-old American leading lady, is glad that the five-reel feature, "April," is over and done with. She had a wonderful part and gave a beautiful performance, but her pretty toes are all scratched and sore. Helene was barefooted during the making of the whole five reels. Some of the days were damp, and she had to fight chilblains; others were dry, and the stones cut and

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State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun; Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 433, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and the business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Elizabeth A. Sears, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, James A. Waldron, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Some stock or bond holders may represent others. If so, affiant does not know whom they represent. **REUBEN P. SLEICHER.** (Signature of the Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1916. **A. EDWARD ROLLAUER**, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 39; New York County Register's No. 7065; Commission Expires March 30th, 1917.

the twigs scratched. So, wet or dry, her tootsies suffered. However, Helene is young and not easily discouraged, and she can see fun in anything. Above all, she liked her splendid part.

There are in Great Britain something like fifty churches and chapels that have been converted into cinema theaters.

Al Roy is writing, acting and directing plays for the Vim Film Corporation. Is this what you might call the triple entente?

China and India boast a large number of traveling shows. The class of entertainment given in these is about equal to that which prevailed in this country in the early days of the cinema industry.

Film opera, the latest sensation, has arrived in "Ramona," Helen Hunt Jackson's wonderful novel. It is a novel and unique treatment that cannot fail to have a tremendous effect on future photoplays.

Ford Sterling featured in a Triangle-Keystone comedy, entitled "The Snow Cure." He has the role of a doctor who has devised a marvelous remedy for anything that ails you. His chief support is a large and hungry grizzly bear.

Mr. S. H. Davison, the head of the Davison's Film Sales Agency, of 151-153 Wardour Street, has been successful in securing the sole representation for the British Isles and the colonies of the world-famous Kalem and A.B. open market subjects.

Jeannie MacPherson, author of the Lasky-Paramount picture, "The Golden Chance," lost her string of jade beads recently. They were imperial beads, at that, having been presented to her by a member of the imperial Chinese family during a visit in Pekin.

Winifred Kingston, the Pallas-Paramount film favorite, entertained Sir Beer-bohm Tree and Constance Collier at dinner recently. The celebrities attended the dinner in their make-up, inasmuch as they had an evening's work ahead of them. What busy mortals these actor folk be!

Offhand, it doesn't seem possible that there's a person in the United States who'd refuse Charlie Chaplin's swollen salary. Well, Ruth Roland, the Balboa star, is one. It has been figured that if the funny-faller gets the trifle over half a million

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Belgium, prior to the war, was the home of the traveling cinematograph showman. The apparatus was carried in a van usually drawn by a traction engine. The latter was used to drive the generator for providing the light and power necessary, and a canvas tent formed the theater.



A high court of the State of New York has decided that Triangle plays are decidedly first-class entertainment. The judge of a lower court had previously ruled, at some length, that the contention of the owner of the Knickerbocker Theater that the Triangle Film Corporation was giving inferior performances would not hold.



Picture fans would never guess who is to be featured in a forthcoming Knickerbocker Star release, entitled "A Slave of Corruption." Well, it's none other than Jackie Saunders, popularly known as "the Maude Adams of the screen." She wasn't cast for the title part for any personal reason—far from it—but because she could enact the part provided for in the scenario.



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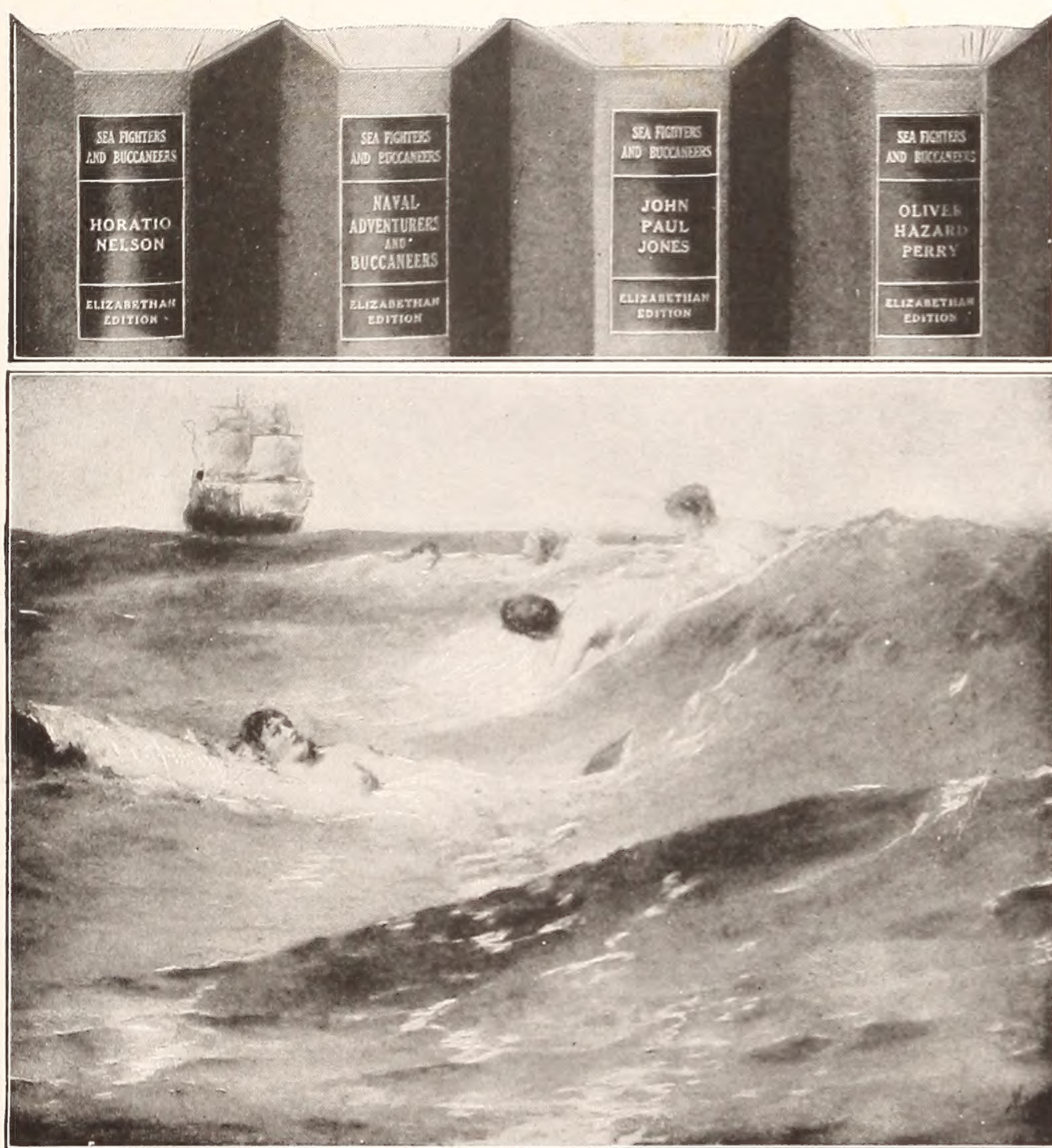


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